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THREE WEEKS' NOTICE AND THE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF SUBSCRIBER'S ADDRESS.

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JAMES G. McDONALD'S sensational denunciation of the Hitler regime for its continuing and increasing persecution of persons guilty of no crime other than being "non-Aryan" should help to destroy the growing indulgence with which the Nazi dictatorship is being regarded by nations as well as individuals. There is a steady stream of travelers who return to say that Germany is a model of peace and order, which is somehow construed to mean that persecution has ceased, when as a matter of fact it merely means that arrests, mysterious disappearances, and Brown Shirt torturing expeditions take place under cover of night. In Great Britain a definite propaganda campaign is under way seeking to swing public opinion toward Germany; and Sir John Simon, who was one of the most vocal critics of Hitler's terror, has now changed his tune completely, though the persecution of Jews and others has increased rather than diminished with the years. Mr. McDonald's vigorous and moving declaration concerning the plight of minorities in Germany is certain of wide circulation and will carry added weight since it comes from an appointee of the League of Nations. Less encouraging is the fact that its occasion was Mr. McDonald's resignation from the office of High Commissioner for Refugees Coming from Germany, for the reason, apparently, that he considered the task of helping refugees almost hopeless as long as no attempt was made to change the conditions which created them, and that he felt his commission, which is an affiliated rather than an integral part of the League, to be ineffective in coping with the problem. His recital of conditions in Germany will convince every humane person of the need for some concerted move on the part of civilized nations to put an end to them.

ONCE MORE Laval has beaten off a vigorous assault from the left and emerged victor in a vote of confidence. His triumph cannot, however, in any sense be considered an indorsement of the notorious peace terms which he offered to Italy. Not until he had sworn support to Britain and unflinching allegiance to the League was his government saved. For a time it looked as if not even the reluctance of the Radical Socialists to assume power would suffice to prevent them from forcing Laval to suffer the fate of Sir Samuel Hoare. His escape with a greatly reduced majority is generally held to be temporary; his prestige and his authority have been irreparably damaged. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that Laval as Premier of France is of incalculable aid to Mussolini. He is even credited in certain circles with having suggested the invasion of Ethiopia to Il Duce. Since he gave a personal guaranty of a free hand in Africa, it has been extremely difficult for him to support penalties against Italy. While it is easy to understand the lack of enthusiasm with which the left parties view the prospect of assuming office at this time, it must not be forgotten that the same sort of timidity proved the final undoing of the left in Great Britain and Germany.

THREE TIMES within a week Japanese troops are reported to have launched armed sorties against outposts of the Mongolian People's Republic. The clashes themselves have been relatively minor affairs, occurring at such remote points that no one can be sure about the circumstances surrounding them, but they can be interpreted only as attempts to determine the Soviets' reaction to an invasion of Outer Mongolia. What that reaction would be is not yet certain, though the presence of the Mongolian Prime Minister in Moscow indicates an effort to obtain a guaranty of Soviet support. The 1921 treaty between Outer Mongolia and the Soviet Union, providing that each party shall prevent the formation or sojourn of hostile "governments, organizations, groups, or individuals" on its territory, indicates an extraordinarily close relationship between the two countries; and it is difficult to see how the Soviet government can stand idly by when its Communist sister-state is being attacked by the Japanese. Fortunately for the peace of the world, the unexpected opposition which they are encountering in China is likely to prevent the Japanese from looking further afield for some time to come. Nevertheless, a certain amount of danger exists from militarists on the spot who have repeatedly shown themselves to be none too amenable to discipline from above.

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NOT SINCE 1925 have Chinese students played as active a political role as in the past few weeks in their nation-wide protest against Japanese aggression in North China. In the past the unquestioned patriotism and tremendous prestige of the students have usually brought victory to any cause which commanded their united support. In the present crisis, however, they are likely to encounter far stronger opposition, not only from a militant Japan and a subservient Nanking, but from the more "substantial" Chinese elements. While masses of the Chinese people, including small merchants and landowners, appear to sympathize with the anti-Japanese activities of the students, this sympathy is not likely to be as general as it was in 1919 or 1925. Within the past few years there has been a sharpening of political and economic issues. The nationalist movement of 1925-27 came within an ace of developing into a social revolution. Communism has become the sole alternative to Japanese domination in the eyes of thousands of Chinese. Moreover, it is clear that no effective opposition to Japan can be achieved without the overthrow of Chiang Kai-shek, which, again, would have revolutionary implications. Already the students have encountered unprecedented resistance, and to obtain their end they must seek to organize peasants and workers. Whether this will be possible against the forceful opposition of Nanking is an open question. Chiang is weaker than at any time in recent years, but the whole strength of foreign imperialism is behind him.

THE NEWSPAPER GUILD has won another strike. On Christmas Eve the lockout at the *Amsterdam News*, a Harlem newspaper, ended with the granting of the guild's demands after an eleven weeks' fight during which the newspaper was forced into a receivership largely as the result of the withdrawal of advertising and of reader support. The nine full-time workers among the fifteen locked out are guaranteed that there will be no discharges for at least three months; strike-breakers are to be immediately discharged; the settlement specifies a guild shop with a five-day, forty-hour week, time off for overtime, the establishment of minimum wages, and a 10 per cent increase for those reinstated. It also provides for an adjustment committee, severance notice, and a union contract with the prospective buyers of the *News*. The *News* fight, with victory, is a heartening event, though it was in no sense a major battle. The opponent of the guild in this case was armed with none of those economic weapons which are at the disposal of powerful newspapers. But it is such battles carried through to a successful conclusion which will make the guild an effective fighting organization. And there is no doubt that the big publishers find the guild's victories disconcerting. An item which appeared in the New York *Times* of December 22 suggests as much. This item reported with some detail that the *Amsterdam News* had gone into receivership, but the principal reason for this state of affairs, namely, the boycott of advertisers and readers which the guild had been able to make effective, was not mentioned. Nor was the connection between the receivership and the strike referred to in the *Times* account of the settlement. The *Times* can hardly plead lack of space for this omission; it would seem difficult to deny that when a union bites a newspaper that's news. Unfortunately it is for the *Times* and its contemporaries to decide which news is fit to print.

WE WELCOME the announcement that Senator Lynn J. Frazier of North Dakota will introduce the revised workers' social-insurance bill in the Senate. As the months pass, the inadequacies of the Administration's so-called security act have become increasingly apparent even to conservative observers. Today, eighteen months after President Roosevelt's stirring speech on social security, only thirty-seven states have old-age pension laws, none offering more than $30 a month. Of these only sixteen meet the basic requirements of the federal act, while six have set no definite date for putting their legislation into effect. Only eight states—Alabama, California, New Hampshire, New York, Massachusetts, Utah, Washington, and Wisconsin—have thus far enacted legislation for unemployment insurance. In many parts of the country efforts to devise laws to meet the federal requirements have encountered almost insuperable obstacles. Criticism from working-class representatives has been directed chiefly against the pay-roll tax, which has been described as an indirect sales tax. Moreover, as Senator Frazier has so admirably pointed out, the present law affords no aid to the millions who are now unemployed and unable to obtain relief or WPA employment. It also fails to cover those who are self-employed—farmers and professional workers—whose resources have been depleted by the depression. The new workers' bill is much longer and more carefully drafted than the old, meeting the objections of those who maintained that the former bill was "impracticable" because of its loose terminology. It sets up a standard of social security covering the whole population and should receive the consideration which was denied it at the last session of Congress.

SYRACUSE appears to be a trial city for fascist pageants. In the fall of 1934 Hearst tested there his university red-hunt methods, and this year the army is holding a rehearsal for a poison-gas attack similar to those put on in European countries. Company C, 108th Infantry, a Syracuse unit of the New York National Guard, planned on November 19 to hold a mock gas demonstration in one of the city parks. Colonel Gibson of Governor's Island, the chemical-warfare expert of the Second Corps area, came on to supervise the trial of the army's new gas masks. Colonel H. Lanza, chief of staff of the Ninety-eighth Division, and his associates looked forward to a fine militaristic propaganda display. But a hitch occurred. A group of citizens, incensed at this scheme to instil the war spirit into the minds of children and adult spectators, called on Commissioner of Parks Barry and urged him to rescind the permit for use of a city park; they won, and the demonstration was held outside the city at the local airport, with few onlookers. About a month later, on December 19, the troops of the same Syracuse unit used the local armory for a night gas attack in No Man's Land. The maneuver was labeled "night operations in a gassed area." In addition to this dramatic mimic warfare, there were drills and gas-mask practice by the C. M. T. C. cadet corps, a speech on the New Aspects of Gar Warfare, including its use by airplanes, by a chemical-warfare expert, and a motion picture dealing with the same subject. There is reason to believe that this is the beginning of a carefully planned campaign by the military to make America gas-conscious. If it is, there ought to be a sufficiently vigorous protest to make it end in Syracuse where it began.

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THE ANNOUNCEMENT by Sir Thomas Inskip, attorney general in the National Government, that the state is preparing to purchase control of the coal-mining royalties in Great Britain is being hailed as "socialism" under Tory rule. That the placing of one of Britain's great basic industries under government control has socialistic implications cannot well be denied, but the difference between control by the state of an overdeveloped, bankrupt industry and socialism is so marked that the assumption should not pass unchallenged. The crucial question, of course, is in whose interests the step is being taken. While proponents of the government's action assert that state control will free miners from the yoke of private ownership and materially increase the beggarly wages now paid to the workers, the move is also defended as a protection to the shareholders. Since the returns of the coal industry are dependent on a revival of foreign purchases, it is difficult to see how increased wages can be reconciled with a "fair" return to the owners. The reports of the Statutory Commission in 1919 and the Royal Commission in 1926 showed that reorganization of the mining industry was essential, and the years have demonstrated that it cannot be achieved under private ownership. But a measure which leaves economic and political power undisturbed in the hands of the few can hardly be called socialism —it is more closely related to the paternalistic policies of Nazi Germany.

TWO DAYS after the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company of Manchester, New Hampshire—one of the largest textile mills in the world—had declared itself insolvent and filed a petition for reorganization under the federal bankruptcy act, the Amoskeag Company, a holding company, declared its dividends for 1936—the same rates as those paid during the past two years, $1.25 on common and $4.50 on preferred. The operating company complained in its petition that "the existence of outstanding bonds has required the continued payment of interest out of capital . . . ," leading to insolvency. The holding company owns $3,597,300 of the outstanding $11,379,000 of bonds, and some of the stockholders of the holding company own more of the bonds individually. The manufacturing company, which shut down last June (laying off about 9,000 employees), has paid out $2,936,000 in bond interest during the past five years. The extent to which the holding company controls the operating company is shown by the following facts: of the 378,191 voting shares of the operating company 90,181 are owned by the holding company; in addition, 252,135 shares were distributed among stockholders of the holding company in 1927, and presumably a great many of these shares have not since changed hands; of the ten directors of the manufacturing company six are directors of the holding company, and one of the six is president of the holding company; the president of the operating company is a director of the holding company; the secretary and treasurer of both companies are the same.

"I ACCUSE THIRTY-SIX MEN of impairing the happiness and prosperity of a million souls." So begins an editorial by Edward Lyman Bill, publisher of *Tires,* a trade magazine for the industry. In the November issue of his publication Mr. Bill, with no small amount of courage, attacks the "thirty-six men who are his chief advertisers for the harm they must ultimately do their own labor and the labor indirectly dependent upon them." Today there are 31 tire manufacturers, plus 5 chain distributing companies in the industry, a number whittled down from the 608 companies which were once all active manufacturers. Far out in front stand the big four—Goodyear, Firestone, United States, and Goodrich. The price war between Goodrich and Firestone has for years been savagely affecting the entire industry. Today tires are being shipped to automobile manufacturers at mill-door cost, and discounts as high as 60 per cent are almost standard practice as a result of the killing price competition the leaders are engaged in. The excuse for these tactics is that the industry is capable of producing 69,000,000 tires a year, whereas the current demand is for 49,000,000. According to the Akron *Beacon Journal,* "Every major effort of key rubber industrialists today is directed at destroying the possessors of the 20,000,000 of excess capacity, instead of toward obtaining a fair price for the finished product—a price that would provide a return on investments in tire companies, supply a wage to factory and office workers permitting them to make purchases beyond the bare necessities, and set the whole industry on a constructive rather than a destructive course." Each manufacturer has pared his production and operating costs to the bone. Naturally it required a unique kind of leadership to shave wages, and Goodyear aspired to the honor. Their thirty-hour week averaged 95 cents an hour and $122 monthly for the employees. They increased the work week to thirty-six hours, netting the employees around $125 a month, and making the substitute hourly rate not much more than 80 cents. There is no choice for the industrialist who has kept his wages up. He must either cut them or be forced out of business, and his employees with him.

JUST TO SHOW that prosperity is not a myth any longer, we cite an item sent in by a faithful contributor from the Englewood (New Jersey) *News* for December 12. It is in the form of an editorial entitled The Public Feeding Grounds, and it rises to heights of righteous indignation over the fact, reported by the city police, that about a hundred families every week, along with homeless dogs and cats, gain whatever sustenance is theirs from the public garbage dump. "Huge chunks of meat discarded by the various butcher shops are taken home, washed, and cooked by the desperately poor people. Scavengers may be found at the dumps almost daily seeking old clothing, all kinds of wearing apparel, and even splinters of wood for their stoves." The editorial rightly feels this to be a gruesome story not entirely consistent either with our new prosperity or with our inherent wealth as a nation. But the remedy offered by the *News* is a curious one. It is that no time should be lost in levying taxes for the construction of a public incinerator—to burn, we hasten to say, the garbage, not the poor souls who feed on it. As a final optimistic note, the editorial adds: "Surely some place in this city of ours there must be an agency which can take care of people whose bodies crave food so much that they are forced to eat garbage." It might be more realistic to say that in the city of Englewood, across the river from the richest city in the world, relief agencies are evidently so inadequate that men, women, and children are reduced to the hideous expedient of grubbing for meat along with hungry dogs!

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Strengthening the Neutrality Act

ONE of the first tasks before Congress will be that of drafting permanent legislation to replace the neutrality act which expires on February 29. Even at the time of enactment the present law was recognized to be an inadequate protection against a repetition of the events of 1914-17. It was intended merely as a stop-gap to tide over the Italo-Ethiopian crisis, and was limited to six months on the supposition that by the end of that period Congress would have been able to work out a more satisfactory and comprehensive peace program. Its shortcomings have been clearly exposed by the application of League sanctions against Italy. Although the President has gone beyond the letter of the law in warning American business interests that all transactions with belligerents are at their own risk, he has had no power to prevent them from aiding an aggressor, even though the latter's campaign is in violation of the League Covenant and the Pact of Paris. In other words, the United States has inadvertently obstructed the efforts of the League to maintain peace, and unless it desires to be at least partly responsible for the collapse of Western civilization it must find some way to revise its policy.

By far the best proposal thus far advanced is that of the neutrality committee of the newly formed National Peace Conference. The draft bill prepared by this committee provides for a continuation of the present mandatory embargo on the export of arms, ammunition, and implements of war to belligerent countries, and for the maintenance of the prohibition against the use of American ships for the transport of munitions. It also authorizes the President to impose an embargo on "other articles or commodities essential to the continuing conduct of war," giving him discretion to decide when such a step should be taken and what commodities should be included. The losses resulting from the ban on war materials—not including armament—are to be assumed by the government. In order to prevent indirect trade with belligerents, the export of forbidden commodities to neutrals is to be restricted to the pre-war volume. The President is also authorized to forbid loans and credits to belligerents, and to prohibit American vessels from passing through areas where naval war operations are being conducted. The paradoxical situation created by denying American goods to a country which has been unjustly invaded is partially met by giving the President authority, subject to the consent of Congress, to lift the embargo on shipments to a state which has been attacked in violation of the Pact of Paris—provided the majority of the signatories of the pact concur in this finding. Since the members of the League of Nations constitute more than a majority of the signatories, action such as the League has taken against Japan and Italy would presumably fulfil this condition.

While more satisfactory than any other measure likely to receive consideration by Congress, the National Peace Conference's bill has several obvious shortcomings. In its attempt to bridge the differences between those who believe we can keep out of war by isolating ourselves from all contaminating contacts and those who believe that the United States must join in collective efforts to prevent war, the committee has unduly weakened certain provisions. Most important is the failure to make the imposition of an embargo on loans and credits mandatory. The revelations in the Lansing letters make clear the crucial role played by loans in drawing the United States into the last war, and it is obvious that the most effective way of preventing entangling trade relationships is to require that all transactions be on a cash-and-carry basis. Similarly, the embargo on oil, steel, copper, and cotton and the prohibition against American ships passing through war zones should be mandatory. It is difficult to see, moreover, why the credit embargo should necessarily be imposed on both parties, as is provided in the committee's draft. Since the United States is one of the two leading financial centers of the world, the denial of credits to a country which has been illegally attacked might in some instances work extreme hardship. The provisions for lifting the embargo on the shipment of arms and war materials to the aggrieved party ought logically to be extended to financial measures. Moreover, the requirement of Congressional assent to the lifting of embargoes might prove a serious practical handicap. If Congress were not in session, a President would probably hesitate to summon it for this purpose alone. A sufficient guaranty against partisan action by a future President is contained in the provision requiring a definite declaration by a majority of the signatories of the Pact of Paris.

Perhaps the most conspicuous omission in the draft bill is that of a provision requiring all trade with belligerents to be carried on at the risk of the trader. The President's October proclamation declaring that "people who voluntarily engage in transactions of any character with either of the belligerents do so at their own risk" was not made under the neutrality act but in pursuance of one of his executive functions—that of deciding whether the State Department should file claims against a foreign government. This question of whether an American citizen shall or shall not be protected in carrying on business with a belligerent lies at the heart of our neutrality policy. Insistence on this "right" was one of the basic causes of our difficulties in the World War, and would be even more unenforceable in a conflict involving League sanctions. It is too vital a matter to be left to the discretion of the President, and should be incorporated in our permanent neutrality legislation. The law should also exclude armed merchant vessels from the ports of the United States, a policy which was successfully carried out by the Netherlands during the World War.

Even with these amendments the neutrality law will not be a guaranty against the United States being drawn into war. The lure of profits in a society which exalts profit-making is likely to transcend any legislation. The best protection that the United States can have against war lies in prevention rather than quarantine, and wars cannot be prevented except through collective action. But in view of the strong isolationist sentiment which exists throughout the country, our only immediate safeguard is to adopt neutrality legislation that is at least not inconsistent with the world-wide struggle for collective security.

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American Students Unite

SHUNTED about by the authorities of Ohio State University, and protested against by professional patriots, including, of course, the American Legion, the students formerly comprising the National Student League and the Student League for Industrial Democracy met in Columbus on December 28 and constituted themselves the American Student Union. After President Rightmire of Ohio State had at the last moment refused the convention the university campus for its meeting—although all arrangements had been made for holding the sessions there—the local Y. W. C. A. building was obtained as a meeting place. Ohio State refused its halls on the ground that it was necessary to economize on fuel during vacation; the head of a state university supported by public funds was evidently not quite ready frankly and openly to deny freedom of assembly. Nor did the officials of the Y. W. C. A. seem sufficiently moved by Legion protests to refuse their building to these "unpatriotic" students. Five directors of the Y. W. C. A. explained that they could not obtain a quorum to oust the convention, although they requested that the business be terminated "as soon as possible."

The meetings, therefore, were duly held. The American Student Union was formed. Although Mr. Hearst deserves no credit for it, since it was done to prove how dangerous the students were, the platform of the convention was published in fullest detail in the New York *American* and doubtless in other Hearst papers. Since charges of un-Americanism have already been made against the union and may be expected to be made again, the program is worth examining in some detail, to see just how "red" these students are. First, by a vote of 244 to 49, the union accepted the Oxford pledge against war, although considerable protest was voiced in the convention, not against the pledge as such, but against the union's accepting it as a body, on the plea that this action would automatically bar the organization in a good many colleges. The union put itself on record as favoring abolition of the R. O. T. C., and in opposition to fascism, "the war preparations of our own government," and the "intimidation of professors who dare to grapple with the political and economic facts of life." Relief for needy students was declared a vital necessity, particularly in the South, where a school-building program must include the "complementary need for providing young people with lunches, shoes, carfare, and homes." Jim Crowism and segregation in the South were scored, as were "red-baiting crusades," "loyalty oaths," "vigilante attacks," and the "hysterical outcries of the Hearst press."

We have purposely discussed this program strictly on the basis of the New York *American's* news story. Obviously this paper would not play down the "radicalism" of the student groups; obviously every shade of red that could be added to these resolutions would appear. If the American Student Union had come out for the overthrow of the United States government by force and violence we can be reasonably sure that the *American* would have reported that fact in no smaller than seventy-two-point type. What actually happened was that a group of American students, representing, according to one of their spokesmen, about 20 per cent of the entire student body, disclosed themselves as unequivocally opposed to war and as willing to go on record as refusing to fight in any war; that the same group showed itself aware of the oppressive forces that exist in the United States today—in the South, where Negroes enjoy something less than the rights guaranteed them by the Constitution, in the universities, where teachers are subjected to the pressure of boards of trustees—and conscious of the menace of fascism and the inadequacy of public relief. In other words, the American Student Union judged by its program is about as dangerous, un-American, and red as, say, *The Nation,* which doubtless for Mr. Hearst would be red enough.

There is just one more thing to add. Assuming that the American Legion is right, and that the students who met in Columbus were unpatriotic and radical, surely no means could have been taken more nicely calculated to strengthen their dissent than those employed by President Rightmire and the local Legion post. Mere expediency, not to mention wisdom—again from the standpoint of the professional patriots—would permit student groups to talk as much as they liked and as long as they liked, on the assumption that talk never hurt anybody and that real protest grows only out of enforced silence. We cannot decide whether to be glad or sorry that the American Legion refuses to see this. The fact that it habitually persists in making a monkey of itself by joining with Mr. Hearst in wild outcries whenever any liberal or radical group tries to talk provides at the best a certain amount of breakfast-table diversion and at the worst makes it clear just where the threat to democracy lies: not in the student groups who hate war and meet to say so, but in those forces of American society which seem to be organized for no other purpose than to deny the principles which the American nation was created to preserve.

The South Is Sick

A GOOD part of the increased importance of the South in the public consciousness, aside from the publicity surrounding Huey Long, is due to the attempt of the Administration to do something for cotton. By cutting down the acreage in cotton the Administration supplied the final push that set the economic structure to crumbling. Tenants who had somehow managed to keep alive in plantation huts found themselves walking the dirt roads with their families and possessions looking for a home. In 1934, according to a study made by Gordon Blackwell of the University of North Carolina, between 8,000 and 12,000 families were displaced in that state. Share-croppers were turned into day laborers. The relief rolls increased. Only the landlords benefited—and presumably the gain of the landlords as a group will be shortlived because of a steadily contracting market. In "The Collapse of Cotton Tenancy," the summary of a detailed investigation by a group of professors and students at the University of North Carolina, it is pointed out that since the drastic reduction in American production beginning in 1932 there has been a directly compensating increase in cotton-growing abroad, to which must be added the further fact that the last twenty years have witnessed an "almost

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steady deterioration" in the average quality of the American crop.

The industrial side of the picture is revealed in the familiar pattern of the Northern textile manufacturer who moves South, where the inexperienced worker, fresh from a starved and almost literally moneyless existence on the soil, is more than willing to work for a few dollars a week. The sordid details of this pattern are vividly if incidentally brought out in such an investigation as was reported by Louis Stark in the New York *Times* of December 22. Like Mary Connor Myers's report of the share-croppers' situation in Arkansas, this report, made to the federal Commissioner of Education, has never been officially released to the public. Although it was completed in June it has been circulated confidentially only among a few government officials and labor-union officers. It deals with the misuse of federal grants to states for vocational-training purposes; and while it covers Northern states as well as Southern, it seems apparent from Mr. Stark's summary that the worst abuses occur in the deep South.

The investigators, Anna Lalor Burdick and Ruth Scandrett, found officially what has been known for some time unofficially, that these funds for vocational-training purposes have been used ever since they were authorized in 1917 for the benefit of private industry. They found that workers are trained on production without pay for six to twelve weeks and then transferred to pay rolls at learners' wages, and that goods thus produced without payment of wages are sold on the open market. They found, moreover, that the superintendent of the factory or the foremen are appointed as teachers and paid at public expense, that persons employed as instructors serve as foremen on production, that public schools rent quarters in which workers are trained for a particular plant, and that communities, particularly in the South, in the attempt to attract industries, offer an "abundant supply of workers with high-school education trained for the factory at public expense," as well as tax exemption for five years, free factory buildings, and contributions toward pay rolls by the community. In one community, according to the report, "everyone in town, even the people on relief, contributed something to the building fund."

> The impetus for the plant training schools [says the report] came in most instances from the state departments of education rather than from the local schools. It was difficult to secure definite information as to why a state Department of Education undertook the establishment of plant training programs, but the circumstances . . . indicated that the power companies and local committees from the chambers of commerce . . . requested the aid of public funds in meeting the expenses of instructing workers.

In one instance it was found that the application for funds (such applications are required to be signed by public officials as well as by bona fide labor representatives) had been signed by a merchant as an "official representative of organized labor." It is in such towns as these, needless to say, that labor organizers operate only at the risk of life and limb.

The South is sick. And until the government finds the courage to apply a remedy at least as thoroughgoing as the diagnoses its own investigators and others have made from time to time, the two chief crops of the South will continue to be misery and demagogues.

Dangerous Reading

A GOOD deal of amusement and amazement is to be had very easily by glancing through "Banned Books," an annotated catalogue recently published based on the Junior League exhibition held in New York last spring. Chronologically the authors at one time or another disapproved of range from Homer (whom Caligula tried to suppress) to various of our contemporaries, and not the least amusing instances are those in which works fell into official disfavor for reasons which it would have been difficult to anticipate. In 1931, for instance, the Governor of Hunan Province in China banned "Alice in Wonderland" on the ground "that animals should not use human language and that it was disastrous to put animals and human beings on the same level." But, then, some quarter of a century before, the English Lord Chamberlain for a time forbade performances of "The Mikado" because it might give offense to "our Japanese allies." And in 1935 a first trombone player in Philadelphia refused to take part in the production of "Lady Macbeth of Minsk" because some of the notes in his part were obscene.

Nearly everyone knows that the Catholic church banned "The Decameron" in 1559 but approved a version in which monks and nuns were replaced by laymen, though the story was otherwise unaltered. Nevertheless, objections based on moral grounds are usually the most nearly constant, and in nearly every case the volumes with the longest criminal records are those supposed to offend against decency. Thus Ovid's "Art of Love" has been in continuous trouble from the days when Augustus cited it as the reason for Ovid's banishment down to 1928, when the United States Customs Department was still barring it; and Rabelais has been similarly and continuously attacked. On the other hand, books objectionable for their doctrine at one time and one place are, of course, very likely to be sacred at another. Whether the Bible was "the good book" or a very, very naughty book (much worse than "The Decameron") depended on where and when you happened to live. And if that seems strange, one need only remember that it would be easy to compile a substantial library composed exclusively of works whose character would change from sacred to scandalous or vice versa if they were transported from Russia to Germany. Kant's "Critique" enjoys what must be the almost unique distinction of being on the Catholic "Index" and of having also been banned (1928) in Russia, though the blanket condemnation of all books dangerous to faith or morals which is prefaced to the "Index" is neatly paralleled by the blanket instruction quoted from "The Index of the Soviet Inquisition" and addressed to libraries (1926): "The section on religion must contain solely anti-religious books. Religiously dogmatic books such as the Gospel, the Koran, the Talmud, and so forth, must be left in the large libraries but removed from the smaller ones."

But what we like best of all is the letter received in 1933 by the Weyhe Galleries in New York, signed by H. C. Stuart, Assistant Collector of Customs: "There are being detained . . . two packages addressed to you containing obscene photo books, 'Ceiling Sistine Chapel,' Filles-Michael Angelo."

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Issues and Men

The Lindberghs Leave

MORE than five years ago I wrote in *The Nation* a protest against the shocking hounding of the Lindberghs by the press of the country, the pitiless and utterly indefensible publicity to which they were being subjected, notably by five New York newspapers, saying: "It is a disgrace to the newspaper profession that it has not risen to protect him against a harassment which would make many another man *deliberately quit his native land* to seek asylum in some journalistically more civilized country." Well, that has now come to pass. The Lindberghs have left the United States in the hope of being able to find in England, one of the most law-abiding countries on earth, a sanctuary where they may be safe from the constant fear that their second son may be taken from them, and where they will certainly be let alone by the press of the country, even if they are not wholly spared by that of our own. They ask nothing more than to be allowed to live their own lives in privacy without having to bring up their child with an armed guard walking alongside the nursemaid, and free from the unending threats against the lives of all of them.

Now of course I admit that the American press has been less responsible for the misery of these two remarkable persons—Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt has just listed Mrs. Lindbergh as one of the ten leading American women—since the murder of their baby than before. None the less, no editor has shown any sympathy whatever or sought to help them by deliberately reducing all publicity to the narrowest limits. That the trial of Hauptmann was a disgrace both to the newspapers and to the legal profession no one will deny. While there are sensational newspapers a plenty in England which reek with personalities and scandals of every kind, one can still visualize what the *Herald Tribune* and the *Times* in New York and many other newspapers might have done by just thinking how the Manchester *Guardian,* the London *Times,* the *Morning Post,* the *Telegraph,* and other high-grade English newspapers would have treated the trial of Hauptmann. Surely never has our press been guilty of greater lack of consideration than in the case of the Lindberghs. It must not be forgotten that when they went on their honeymoon a group of reporters followed them, and as the Colonel described it, ". . . for eight straight hours circled about our boat at anchor in a New England harbor in a noisy motor boat, and occasionally called across the water to us that if we would pose for one picture they would go away." It was at this time that one reporter offered a servant in the Lindbergh household $2,000 to "betray the secrets of the household." During the whole time that Mrs. Lindbergh was an expectant mother the press harped upon this fact without a let-up.

Under these circumstances no one can blame the Lindberghs for leaving the country to which they are devoted, in which they have grown up, which has in many ways been so generous in its approval of their achievements. But there is apparently no alternative. There is no assurance at all that if they stayed on after the execution of Hauptmann, if he is executed, the press would forget about them. Having been so long a journalist, and having run a daily newspaper for twenty-one years, I know well what the arguments of the newspapers are. They declare that he is a national hero; that the public curiosity about him is not mere idle curiosity but a genuinely affectionate interest in him, precisely as the press feels that it is entitled to know all the details of the lives of President and Mrs. Roosevelt and their children. I have never believed that this was a valid argument, either as to the Lindberghs or the President, whoever he may happen to be. Moreover, the well-meaning but ineffective American Society of Newspaper Editors has in its code of ethics for the profession one article which reads: "A newspaper should not invade private rights or feelings without sure warrant of public right as distinguished from public curiosity." No amount of human ingenuity could think up another canon which could be more conspicuously violated by the press to which these editors belong. Yet the society has never protested against this outrage.

The Lindberghs are not the only family that has had to seek refuge abroad from this sort of thing. I recall a very beautiful woman, cursed by enormous wealth inherited from her husband, who told me with tears in her eyes that she had moved to England merely to save her children from the unending newspaper publicity. She said that it would be almost impossible for her as it was to bring up as decent citizens children who at twenty-one would be enormously rich, but that she knew that she could not do it if they were incessantly to be portrayed as the "millionaire kids." She then told me how reporters had waylaid her eight- or ten-year-old son to ask him whether his father, who had died of a bullet wound under unhappy conditions, had been murdered or had killed himself. Any decent newspapers would have recorded the death and then drawn a veil of silence around the case. They would have done so had this happened in a tenement-house family. But merely because these were enormously rich people, week in week out page after page of gossip, tittle-tattle, and scandal, most of it made out of whole cloth, appeared in the newspapers. Not even our best dailies are wholly beyond this sort of thing. It is not merely the desire to sell more papers by sensationalism; it is because they truckle so to wealth. In this respect they are utter toadies. They play up the deeds and misdeeds of innumerable worthless people merely because they are the decadent holders of large means. Where there are decent self-respecting people of great wealth, they focus a constant publicity upon them that is both repugnant and unwelcome. And it is some of these newspapers which, in such cases as that of the Lindberghs, are responsible for the threatening and blackmailing letters the victims receive.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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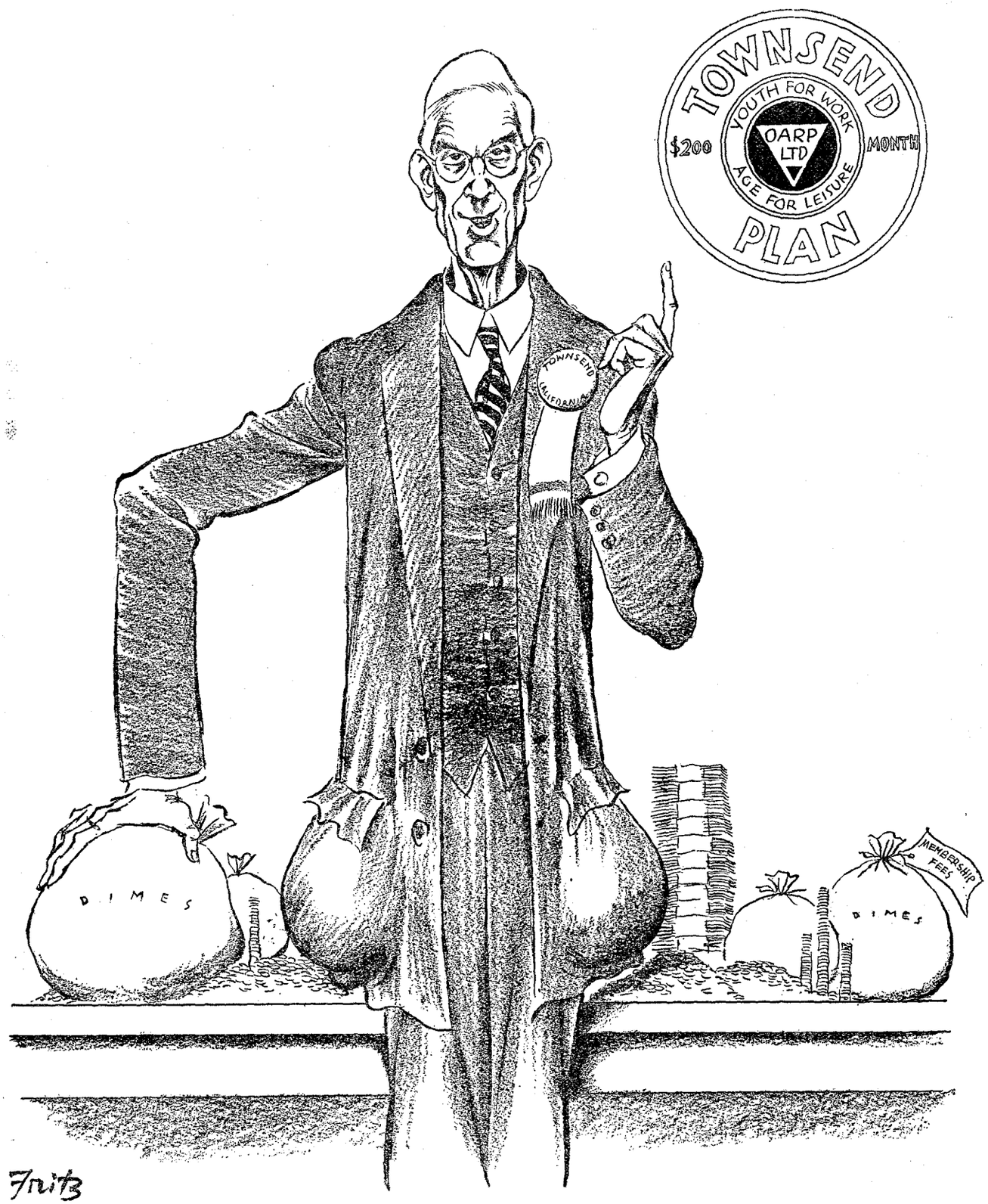

"My plan is sound. It has solved all my problems."

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How Strong Is the Townsend Plan?

By PAUL W. WARD

Washington, December 30

FOR the army of masochists quartered in our best conservative clubs and board rooms this is always a delightful season. They have an immense array of torturing thoughts with which to titillate themselves when Congress is about to convene and an election is in the offing—thoughts about the hideous things November-eyed Congressmen may do to them as well as thoughts about the New Deal's continuing threat to all that they, it seems, hold dearer than life itself.

This year they are rather better off than usual, for in the Townsend movement they have a new flagellant for their jaded imaginations. From contemplating its progress they will derive the same sweet shudderings that the holding-company bill, the Wagner act, the securities act, and kindred measures once set up in them. They will imagine the movement growing with such vigor as to smash the Republican strongholds of the East, thereby insuring Roosevelt's reelection. And they will imagine the movement sweeping on with such speed as to force enactment of the Townsend old-age pension plan at the next session of Congress, if not at the one about to open.

Saner men, including those who hope for Roosevelt's defeat, will not entertain any of those fears. They will note, first, that even if the Townsend movement is as strong as its leaders claim, the mechanics of government are such that several more years must pass before the plan has any chance of adoption by Congress. They will note, secondly and on the same basis, that the movement is quite as likely to affect Roosevelt's fortunes adversely as it is to flatten Republican hopes. Finally, they will point out that the strength of the movement, present or potential, is highly debatable and has yet to be demonstrated at the polls.

So far the movement has had only indifferent success in elections outside of atypical localities such as those sections of California colonized by retired Iowa and Kansas farmers whose lives have been extended beyond their means by idleness. From a town in Washington, where the movement is supposed to be strong, there comes a report that, though the local Townsend club boasts 3,000 members, a candidate for public office, running under the Townsend banner and as a member of the club, polled only 300 votes. From Minneapolis there comes a report that the movement was considered so important that in a recent municipal election each ward had at least one aldermanic candidate running as a Townsendite. Some of these were Democrats, some were Republicans. But all the Townsendites, whether Republican or Democratic, were defeated, according to dispatches.

In the recent Congressional by-election in the Third Michigan District, the results were more auspicious for the Townsendites but fell far short of proving the movement's political effectiveness, and it is to the results of this one election that the movement owes its present prominence in the news and in the jitter wells of major party politicians. Had the winner, Verner W. Main, been a Democrat, his victory would have been impressive. But he ran primarily as a Republican, and the district has been overwhelmingly Republican for more than thirty years. Its G. O. P. candidates normally trounce their Democratic rivals by 3-to-1 and 4-to-1 margins. Mr. Main piled up only a 2-to-1 margin. Nor was the size of the vote impressive even for an off-year election, a total of 36,028 votes being cast in a district where the 1932 aggregate was 95,476. It should be remembered, too, that Mr. Main had the support of the regular Republican machine, and that Vandenberg, that varnished vacuum who may get the Republican Presidential nomination, did not hesitate to embrace Main while assailing the Townsend plan. It should be borne in mind, too, that Mr. Main, who was missing no bets, added to his advocacy of the Townsend plan a pledge to vote for immediate payment of the bonus and for balancing the federal budget.

When he won a five-cornered fight in the primary, Main was lavish in his thanks to the Townsendites, and on the day the returns reached Washington, fifteen Congressmen called the movement's national headquarters, seeking information on the plan. But when he became a Congressman by virtue of his victory in the final election, Main praised impartially all the groups that had supported him and gave no special thanks to the Townsendites. The point is, first, that in the 1936 Congressional elections there may be many successful candidates ticketed as Townsendites, either Republican or Democratic, merely because they accepted the badge in the hope it would give them an edge in the primaries. The point is, second, that if the Townsendites are to make their views prevail in Congress they must hold something more than the balance of power in a many-sided primary election; they must be able to control the outcome of a final election and to a degree that will force their candidates to fulfil their pledges.

Apparently, Townsend officials do not feel that they possess such power except in a few isolated localities. They repeatedly proclaim their intention of working through both the Republican and the Democratic machines. All that they are interested in, they vow, is forcing Congressional enactment of the Townsend plan, and to that end they will back any candidate who espouses their scheme. The only departure from that platform has been the recent declaration by Dr. Townsend that, if neither the Republicans nor the Democrats adopt a Townsend-plan plank in 1936, he will launch a third party to back it. I doubt that even Dr. Townsend takes that statement seriously. Certainly it has caused no stir in the Republican or Democratic high commands, which remember that the powerful Anti-Saloon League, though strong enough to force its will upon Congress, never was powerful enough to make a third-party threat stick. Townsend's third-party warning becomes even more feeble when one considers that what is left of the late Huey Long's Share-the-Wealth movement shuns the Townsend plan, and that Father Coughlin has assailed it while, like Borah, admiring its objectives.

The Townsendites claim that they had fifty-six votes in the last session of Congress and they hint that they will

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have a majority in the House at the next session. But their hint is no better than their claim, which is weak enough. Their claim is based upon the vote on the McGroarty bill, which embodies the Townsend plan although it sets $200 a month as a maximum, not a minimum, pension. It was brought up as an amendment to the Administration's social-security act on April 18 and cast aside after a half-hour of debate. The vote was 206 to 56, the Townsendites polling 21.3 per cent of the total. A few minutes later the Lundeen bill came up also as an amendment and was voted down 158 to 40, its supporters polling 20.2 per cent of the total.

There was no roll call on the McGroarty bill but it can be said fairly that most of its support came from men who are not Townsendites. Many of those who voted for it were Republicans, actuated either by prankishness or a desire to embarrass the Administration. Most of those who voted for it were men fighting not for the Townsend plan but for a liberalization of the Administration's program. One Administration field marshal, Representative Taylor of Colorado, the acting floor leader, voted for the McGroarty bill. The speeches in its behalf were made almost exclusively by California Democrats, but the only opposition speech also came from a California Democrat, Representative Buck. The three Californians who spoke for the bill were Ford, Kramer, and McGroarty. They were aided by Representative Monaghan, a Montana Democrat, and Representative Mott, an Oregon Republican.

Three other Representatives from California supported the bill, but not with speeches. They were Representatives Stubbs, Tolan, and Hoeppel. It was McGroarty who introduced the bill but Hoeppel who had proclaimed it. Hoeppel also sponsored "Technotax: A New Ace in the New Deal." It was a measure to tax machinery according to the number of workers it displaced. Mr. Hoeppel probably will not have an opportunity to sponsor the technotax at the forthcoming session. Or the Townsend plan, either. Mr. Hoeppel on December 12 in the District of Columbia Supreme Court was convicted of conspiring to sell a West Point appointment.

Another last-session Townsendite who deserves mention is Representative Michener, a Republican from the Second Michigan District. He deserves mention only because shortly after the Main victory Mr. Michener's name appeared in the headlines as a new convert to Townsendism. The impression was given that Michener was only one of a covey of Congressmen that Main's triumph had scared into the Townsend camp. If there has been any such scurrying about, it has been noiseless. The thunder has come from the other side. Representative Maverick of Texas, a rising leader of the liberal wing in the House, has come out with a statement in denunciation of the Townsend plan. Down in Tennessee, Senators McKellar and Bachman have united in a similar statement. Out in Kansas, Governor Landon, a Presidential aspirant, has stood pat on his opposition to the Townsend movement, and up in Connecticut, Senator Maloney, a Democrat, publicly has attacked the plan.

The Townsendites have yet to capture a Senator. They claim to have brought several to heel but refuse to name them. The ineffable Borah is flirting with the movement to such good effect that in certain sections of the country his name brings cheers at Townsend-club rallies, but he grows choleric at any effort to pin him down on the issue.

However much the Townsend movement may grow in the next year, it is certain to make no substantial gains at the next session of Congress, and that is true for at least two reasons in addition to the one springing automatically from the fact that the House and Senate personnel will be the same as at the last session. The first of those reasons is that the machinery of Congress is geared against the Townsend plan. The key committee posts are held by Southerners, and the Southerners are viciously opposed to the plan, which raises for them a race issue. "A $200 monthly pension for niggers? Never!" they snort. It is that idea, rather than the Townsend plan itself, that horrifies such unctuous demagogues as McKellar. Poll the North Carolina delegation, for example, and you will find them unanimous on the Townsend plan. "Fantastic" is the mildest word those gentlemen use, and one of them is the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, Representative Doughton, who quite properly bears the nickname "Muley." Such measures as the McGroarty bill are assigned to his committee, and the McGroarty bill will never get back out of Doughton's committee in 1936 as long as he holds the reins. That brings us to the second reason why the outlook for the Townsendites at the forthcoming session is hopeless: both the Republican and the Democratic leaders will be striving to keep dangerous proposals from coming to the fore lest they become issues in the 1936 campaign.

If the Townsendites fail to make their plan a storm center at the session beginning next week—and especially if the machine leaders succeed in completely smothering the McGroarty bill—they will be hard-pressed to make it an issue in the 1936 campaign. But even if they should succeed in making it a campaign issue, it is unlikely to have material bearing upon the Presidential race. It is unthinkable that either the Democratic or the Republican nominee would espouse the plan, though both may utter vagaries which ward heelers can interpret as pro-Townsendisms in sections where the movement is strong. Roosevelt on several occasions has denounced the project in unmistakable terms though the plan itself was not mentioned. He has not been embarrassed on these occasions by the similarity of the AAA's taxing device to the device proposed for financing the Townsend plan. He is committed to his own social-security plan and at the next session of Congress probably will be fighting to keep it from being liberalized, lest the federal budget be thrown further out of balance and the prosperity curve on which his gaze is fixed be reversed by the imposition of additional taxes on industry.

His Republican opponent, faced with the hopelessness of convincing the country that he is more liberal than Roosevelt, will rest his case on economy pledges and the Constitution. With these the Townsend plan certainly is incompatible. If both Roosevelt and his rival denounce or ignore the plan and if its success in the Congressional elections is no greater than now seems likely, the Townsend movement eighteen months hence will be as dead as the chain-letter craze to which it is kin. To keep the movement going, to keep the *Townsend Weekly* pouring dollars into the pockets of its private owners, Dr. Townsend and co-founder Clements, takes more than the plans professional promoters can provide. It takes the promise of a quick and easy victory. When that disappears, the movement will collapse, along with the enthusiasm of its aged dupes.

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Presidential Possibilities

I. Alf Landon Is Not Cal Coolidge

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

THE political oversimplifications in a large country like America are bound to be false. But few are more misleading than those which have made Governor Alf M. Landon of Kansas the foremost candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination. He is known for two things: he balanced his budget, and he is a Kansas Coolidge. To be sure, he has balanced his budget. But so did his predecessors, and under Kansas law, which requires a plebiscite on bond issues, it is difficult to unbalance it. The balanced budget is not the achievement for which Landon is noteworthy. It is that he has imposed the budget system and the pay-as-you-go principle on all Kansas counties, municipalities, and school districts, quite a different achievement and a more meritorious one. He has made 8,000 local boards face the financial realities of local government. *They* have balanced their budgets, and Governor Landon is always the first to give them the credit for it.

But there is an element of fact in this half of Landon's fame. Budgets have been balanced, and he had something to do with it. There is none at all in the other half. Landon is not a Kansas Coolidge. He is as different from Coolidge as Topeka is from Boston. Coolidge, as a human being, was a tight-lipped, frugal Yankee; as a statesman he was the leading exponent of the hands-off-business school. He did not acknowledge change in the world or try to keep government abreast of change. On the personal side Landon is the friendliest man I ever met in public life, not for the good political reason that friendliness begets friends, but because he likes people and loves to exchange ideas with them. And as a man in politics he knows that the world is changing fundamentally, that it will not wake up some bright morning and find itself back in the economic happiness of 1928, and that the immediate future can only be redeemed by rugged virtues, not "rugged individualism." The virtues, to him, are those Kansas has inculcated in him. First is honesty in matters of money, not the mere honesty of not stealing, but the honesty of not living in the fantasy of financial unrealities. He has watched Kansas farmers struggle with a poverty not surpassed in the drought years in any other state in the Union. He does believe in not spending more than you have, for he has seen thousands of disasters from laxity in over-drafts. But that is not the end-all of his philosophy. He is no throw-back who if elected President would want simply to balance the federal budget, restore business confidence, and ride with streaming hair to the calamity of another depression. Integrity in government finance is to him a pre-condition without which good government is impossible. After that he believes in good government. And there is where the East, thanks to Hearst and the reactionary fanatics who are ready to adopt anybody who might beat Roosevelt, are mistaken about Landon. Only half of him is their man, the half that wants economical administration and realistic finance. The other half is a Kansan, with ingrained conceptions about an Americanism which Hearst forgot some twenty years ago, and which the financial oligarchy of the East never knew.

By this I do not mean that he is a radical. In so far as labels can describe anybody, he is a mild Kansas progressive. He bolted the Republican Party for Theodore Roosevelt in 1912; he bolted again to support William Allen White for governor. White has been his life-long friend, and Landon is as like him in outlook and doctrine as anybody. The radicals of the industrial East, pitted against the tough Eastern Republicans, have swung much farther to the left than Landon, and they look upon the Kansas brand of progressivism as pleasing but somewhat sentimental. Nor is Landon a Norris or a La Follette, for he hasn't their fighting temperament. But he is closer to these two in habits of thought than to Hearst and the Easterners who are espousing his candidacy.

Physically he is not a large man, and with his sparse hair rapidly silvering he looks older than his forty-eight years. All during my first hour with him, in a visit paid a few weeks ago, I was haunted with the sense of having met him before, or of his resembling someone I knew. Then it came to me that he was like Harold Ickes. Certainly he is of the same general type, though Secretary Ickes has a tang that Landon lacks, an acid in him that sends out unexpectedly brilliant and sometimes rockingly funny remarks. None of this acid is in Landon, who is mentally less complicated, and also mentally more accessible. But they are the same kind of American Midwestern product, both partial introverts, both able to talk about ideas in the abstract, both unabashed to believe in old-fashioned virtues.

Landon's head would delight a sculptor, for it is beautifully shaped. His hands are not large and domineering, but of moderate size and sensitive. His outstanding physical features are his eyes. The pupils are large and the eyelids close half over them, and in color they are an unusual carnelian brown. There is light in them, and they peer out of his face, alert and shrewd. His nose is large, and he uses it in speaking, the voice resounding in it like a singer's, only more so, with the result that he nearly speaks with a Western nasalism. The mouth is wide and generous, the chin vigorous. His color is healthy and he wears rimless spectacles.

He has been described as looking like a typical business man, but I could not see why. To meet him without knowing him, one might take him for anything, president of a Western bank, president of a modern university, or an up-to-date large-scale farmer. In fact he is a business man, but not the office-desk sort. He was a law graduate from the University of Kansas, and started in to be a banker. A little experience cured him of that career, and he turned to his father's business of oil. He became an oil operator, and played the hard and precarious game of developing strip wells. He has had to fight the Standard Oil Company, and so he knows competitive business and the meaning of

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monopoly first hand. Oil has meant an outdoor life for him, and his chief diversion is horseback riding, which, as governor, he apparently has not been able to practice as formerly, with modest consequences at the base of his vest.

He is the only chief executive of any large concern I know who conducts his affairs in a room whose door is not closed. In the Topeka Capitol the governor's office is at the end of a huge anteroom, and his desk is in plain view to anyone who will step over to the side of the anteroom. Visitors waiting their turn with the governor can see him as they wait. Or they can study the portraits, hanging high on the wall, of Kansas's former, often hirsute governors. The day I called I stole many a glance at Governor Landon while he chatted with three men introduced to him by the Chief Justice of the Kansas Supreme Court. When my turn came, the anteroom was nearly empty, for I had come early. I expected to stay only a few minutes, and hoped to be invited for further talk in the evening. But I had no sooner taken my chair and said my first few words than I found myself in the depths of genuine discussion, wrestling with the formidable topic of how to make the capitalist system work. And when I left eighty minutes later, I felt as though I had only begun a conversation that would need a week—or a lifetime—to finish. It was not shut off, but was to continue at lunch, and when I emerged into the anteroom, the visitors who had accumulated there looked at me curiously, wondering what important business could have kept me so long with the Governor.

I was sent to call on F. H. Guild, former head of the Department of Political Science at the University of Kansas, now director of the Research Department of the Kansas Legislative Council. This non-partisan department, financed by the Spelman Foundation, operates to supply the Kansas legislature with factual information and advice, an agency for better government—better because better informed—which is one of the hopeful developments in American affairs. I spent the rest of the morning with Dr. Guild and obtained the data I needed about Kansas, and was back at the Governor's office, as instructed, at 12:15. All but two of the throng had been worked through the office, one of these being an aged Negro. Landon came out, spoke a few words with the first, and then talked for several minutes with the Negro, ending with an order to his secretary. The Negro's arm went around the Governor's shoulder as they finished, and this, more than the sight of provincial Topeka through the window, made me realize that I was in Kansas.

I did not leave the Governor for three hours. First we walked to his executive mansion, ten minutes away, and had lunch alone together. Then he got out his pipe, and we talked until so many visitors had been announced that I refused to stay any longer. The lunch was plain, a dish of soup with celery and hot biscuits, and a steamed pudding with hard sauce. I was asked to take a second helping of soup and declined. "If I tell you it's all you are going to get, won't you take it?" the Governor asked, and I still said no, not really believing him. But there was no main course. I thought this might be evidence of Kansas economy. I knew that all state salaries had been cut 25 per cent, and that the Governor, though the legislature refused to require it, had slashed his own pay from $5,000 to $3,750 a year. I had read about this and had not been impressed, for Landon has a comfortable fortune, as Kansas fortunes go, and is not dependent on his salary. But later I learned that Mrs. Landon sets one of the finest tables in the state, and her colored cook is famous for her art. The lunch was light because the Governor eats sparingly during the day, and since I had been brought along without due notice, I had to take pot luck.

The governor's mansion belongs to the state, so it does not reflect the taste of either of the Landons, which needs to be said. A more conventional middle-class home with less distinction in nearly every piece of furniture in it could not well be imagined. Mrs. Landon, whom I did not meet, is not like this home, for she is a woman of culture, has traveled much, is a musician of parts and an accomplished player of the harp. She is his second wife, the first Mrs. Landon having died soon after their daughter Peggy Ann was born, eighteen years ago. Peggy Ann is now at the University of Kansas. In 1930 Landon married Miss Theo Cobb of Topeka, and there are two children, three and two years old.

After the death of the first Mrs. Landon, the father devoted a great deal of his time to his child, trying to make up for the mother's loss. There is a close companionship between them, and the story is that Peggy Ann engineered the romance that led to the second marriage. Five years ago, when Landon decided to run in his first primary for governor, he prepared for it in a characteristic way. He took Peggy Ann, then twelve, as companion, and donning his soft shirt, soft hat, and high-laced oil boots, motored with her literally into every corner of the state. The costume was no sham, for this is the way he likes to dress. He is the kind of man who is as happy without a necktie as with one. On this trip, wherever he went he would call at the corner store, walk in comfortably, hold out his hand and say, "I'm Alf Landon." He was known everywhere by name, for he had managed the successful campaign of Clyde Reed for governor. On this tour I am sure that he treated the farmers of Kansas as he treated me, making them feel the same ease, informality, and interest. He said nothing about the governorship; hence he made no promises, only friends. And when, the next year, he entered the primary he swept it.

In a subsequent article I shall write about Landon's record, and quote from his speeches what little there is which throws light on his views. For all the time I had with him, and the reading I have done about him, I still feel that I cannot quite appraise him. He is a man formed as much as any man can be by his environment. Like every typical Kansan he is an honest believer in self-government and civil liberties. He knows a great many Kansans intimately, which means that he knows the tragedy of the last years in terms not of statistics but of human beings. He has given cooperation to the New Deal, in so far as a governor was called upon to cooperate with it. He favors social insurance. He understands the force and usefulness of social taxation. He has the warmest recognition of the need for federal relief. After talking with Rex Tugwell about soil erosion, in Washington early this year, he came back to praise him publicly for his intelligence. (Does Hearst know this?) If he were to become President, he would be inclined to keep whatever the Supreme Court left of the New Deal, and build on it. He also would be intensely interested in restoring and strengthening the civil service, and would

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like to broaden it so that only the top men in the Administration changed with the change of parties, as in England.

But his mind is full of more than these immediate details of government. He sees the interrelationship of things. A Kansan, he is bound to be interested in farm prosperity. But he knows that farm prices depend on foreign as well as home markets. There must be confidence internationally as well as at home; there must be the restoration of the gold standard. And confidence cannot return, or the gold standard be made to work, without the lowering of trade barriers and a free exchange of goods. In the last analysis, there can be no international confidence without peace. So he sees two general approaches to the work of the next President. He must put government finance on a sound foundation to give confidence to business. And then he must look beyond this to a resumption of international cooperation. This is the kind of gospel preached day after day by the Kansas City *Star,* which is close to Landon, and the ideas have more of a hold in the Middle West than Easterners may credit. Landon thinks in terms like these, though whether he talks that way to William Randolph Hearst and to Republican visitors from points east, I cannot say.

My impression was that Governor Landon, as a potential President, may suffer from the handicaps of his virtues; and his virtues being drawn from his Kansas environment, he will encounter difficulties due to the want of experience that Kansas has not been able to give him. To begin with, Kansas has hardly any industry; hence it has no labor problem. Landon is a friend of labor without, I believe, sensing the tension of the East or the tremendous struggle in Washington during the past two years over collective bargaining, or knowing in detail the tripping and thin-ice skating of President Roosevelt in this field. Furthermore, Kansas is a state without cities. This may be a mercy for Kansas but not for Governor Landon. Politics is child's play in such a state. It is clean-water politics, not pure, but not discolored by the filthy influx from a Tammany in New York, a Kelly machine in Chicago, a Pendergast machine in Kansas City. National politics are always foul from the source. One must wonder how Landon would be able to deal with it. But still more, I wonder how he would deal with the clever, hard-minded Republicans of the East. They are astute; they do not attack an upright provincial by cavalry-charge tactics but by weaving intricate confusion about him. They did it more than once to Roosevelt, a patrician of the East who knew their ways. And Landon lacks life-long friends in all parts of the country, wise men whose guidance he can rely on, and whose judgments he can trust. I am not so much worried about what Hearst would demand of him and get; for Hearst rides lightly to disillusionment. He was ardently pro-Roosevelt four years ago; and in another three years, if Landon were elected, I should expect him to turn on him as he has on Roosevelt. But Landon would have to be made of granite if, in Washington, surrounded by the masters of intrigue, he came through as well as he has in Kansas. I do not say that he is not of granite. I simply don't know.

(*A second article by Mr. Swing on Landon as a candidate will appear in the next issue.*)

The German Underground War

I. Anti-Nazi Feeling Rises

By JOSEPHINE HERBST

AS I started to write this article a letter came from Germany from the wife of a teacher whose home I visited this summer. There are several children in the family, one a boy of fourteen. The letter covers four closely written pages, and there are practically no personal messages; many words are heavily underscored. I am to remember that people outside Germany are fed on lies and on stories started by petty faultfinders. In the main things are simply splendid. *Der Führer* has chosen the best and only way. People do not understand the importance of the Jewish question, that it means everything to Germany. The Jews began their treacherous work during the war, when most of them stayed at home piling up wealth. Only the *Führer* saved the Fatherland from these people, and his warning took years to be heard. A few not so clever people have bungled in handling the Jewish problem, but one should look at history. Where will one find such a bloodless revolution? The victorious usually put their enemies to death, but in Germany they have merely taken them into "protective custody."

Here is a not unintelligent woman writing at a time when Catholics and Protestants are being driven farther into their corners, when opposition opinion has no chance to be heard except through underground channels. Although she has a boy of fourteen who is doomed to serve in a labor camp, she writes only of the Jewish question. To be sure, when I talked with them face to face, this German woman and her husband made many qualifications. No doubt many letters like hers are flooding the mails at the instigation of Herr Goebbels. The one note of realism in the letter is a complaint about prices. Prices are terrible.

In 1922 and 1923 prices were also terrible. It was the period of the inflation. The frightfulness of prices, the daily battle for one egg, a little meat, drove the German people into the arms of Hitler. Hitler's arms were strengthened by the enormous resources of the Krupps, the Thyssens, and other industrialists, who in this last year have been able to declare bigger dividends than before. The Socialists, Communists, and trade unionists had no such backing. In 1930 prices were still the subject of continual complaint. I was in Germany then, and many persons were willing to have anything happen. Some of the unpolitically minded were as ready for bolshevism as for fascism, whichever would give a future to the children. Now, after years of expectation and patience, they still have high and even higher prices. The cost of living rose so sharply this summer that food riots broke out in Berlin and even in small towns in the provinces.

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How long will the psychological reasons for submission to Hitler hold in the face of continuing economic instability for the great mass of people? Hitler has been successful in selling to the Germans the idea that he saved the country and all Europe from bolshevism, and that bolshevism is a destructive force, a strictly Jewish movement. Lately the term bolshevism with too much use has begun to lose its sharp edge. The Catholics also have been accused of bolshevism. The result has been to throw them into the opposition movement. In the Saar one of the illegal papers of the underground movement appears with the hammer and sickle combined with the Catholic cross. A priest about to be arrested was warned by the underground route; his house was surrounded by workers and peasants from the neighborhood, few of whom were Catholic, and the troopers coming to arrest him turned back at the sight of the dense crowd.

The existence of the underground movement is denied in the legal press, but twenty illegal papers come out regularly in Berlin alone. Hundreds of others appear irregularly. The papers are distributed by children and by workers during their working hours. The penalty for distributing such contraband may be the concentration camp; it may be death. Strikes are treason, and leaders are punished by death at the hands of a firing squad or by sentences to concentration camps. Yet strikes go on. Dozens occurred last summer, especially in the metal trades. Sometimes the strike consisted in a passive laying down of tools for an hour. Sometimes work was merely slowed up, "sticking," as they term it, "to the hands." Demonstrations used to be made for the release of Thälmann, the Communist leader, but lately there have been none, and it is not known for certain whether he is alive or dead. Only Germans who get their information from the legal press have any illusions about the so-called "bloodless revolution" of the Nazis; blood has flowed and is flowing. But if this last year was marked by the further concentration of wealth in the hands of the big industrialists, it is also notable that in the same period the underground movement made its greatest progress.

The outside world is always impatient of the predicament of a particular nation. Other people are always stupid and gulled by their leaders. Even within Germany itself some underground workers still puzzle at the suddenness of Hitler's blow. How could the powerful trade-union movement have been so easily crushed? The German worker, they say, was ideologically the best-informed worker in the world; he read economics, was versed in Marxist theory. The German worker was also patient and endowed with power to wait and endure. His very virtues became a trap for him. His long training under an earlier militaristic Germany in which order was a god made him an easier dupe.

It has taken time to recover from the blow of Hitler's seizure of power. At first Socialists and Communists did not work together and had no association with outside groups. But conversion is not the aim of the underground. Communists are willing to work with Catholics for religious liberty, and if, as an underground worker told me, half of a group of Socialists working with Communists in getting out a paper turn Communist, such an event is the outcome of an experience and not the focus of the movement. That neutrals have become weary of the parades, the constant orders to beflag houses, to appear on streets for "spontaneous" demonstrations has made it a little easier for the underground to work. The spying eye may not be so willing to see all that goes on around it. Moreover, the circle of Hitler's enemies widens every month. New recruits for the underground are made by Hitler himself. When he dissolves the Stahlhelm he suddenly touches many a family not formerly antagonistic. As yet they may merely not be so ready to hang out flags; they may smother their resentment and grow only a trifle more angry at the rise of prices; but by these tokens they serve the opposition whether they know it or not.

The recent drives against Catholics and Protestants are in reality against all secret enemies of the Third Reich. The theory that the stresses and strains possible in a democracy cannot be allowed to exist in the Nazi state demands eternal warfare against the opposition. In truth the Nazis can continue to exist only by exterminating the enemy. But can they exterminate so many? The underground movement, pressed down, bludgeoned into the earth, spurts up again in a new place. Hundreds of Nazi spies seek to stop the circulation of illegal papers, in vain. With cunning and courage the underground workers carry on their warfare. A neat office worker with a glass eye tears out his glass eye for his secret work, puts on the clothes of a beggar, stumps along with an empty socket in his face, defying identification. A Nazi spy is found out, and on his window in bold letters, no matter where he may move, the information is given that Spy So-and-So lives within. Thus exposed, he is useless; he moves again, can find no hiding.

On the surface these tiny resistances seem mere pin pricks against the powerful front of the Nazis, but this front is to some extent deceptive. A people is made up of individuals, and in all Germany few persons appear happy, few talk freely, there is little play. Only once in several months did I see people having what appeared to be a good time. It was at night in a Nazi neighborhood of little clerks and petty officials. A corner beer cafe was brightly lighted, and through the partly open door voices singing old German songs came out. Through the opening I could see the beer maid standing by the table, swaying and leading the singing while the men waved their mugs. It was the only time I saw this happen—a common event in the old days when people often sang in beer halls. The mood of a people is not to be ignored, especially when at its base there is an organized and growing movement of resistance.

The war preparations of Hitler contain the germs of their own doom. Never did a people want war less and seem more certain to get it. With hypocritical cunning the Nazi leaders attempt to lull the people with talk of pacifism. They were delighted this summer at Mussolini's plans. Whether Italy won or lost, Germany seemed certain to gain. Particularly they hoped that the League of Nations would be discredited. "That foolish collective arrangement" the Germans want to see dissolve of ineptitude; meanwhile, with eyes on Italy, Germany is perfecting its war machine.

The inevitability of war is realized not only by the underground movement but by workers in general. Ask any of them what is ahead, and the brief answer is war. Perhaps this fortifies them so that they are willing to risk the strikes that always bring death or the concentration camp to some of them. They mean to make a fight for their freedom, and it is not by chance that in the underground press they frequently refer to themselves as slaves. Some workers hope that the ever-widening circle of Hitler's enemies will

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give the underground opposition strength to rid Germany of Hitler even before a great war comes; others feel they can only get rid of Hitler in such a world cataclysm.

The circle of enemies widens as the profits of the industrialists increase, as the living conditions of the workers go down with almost toboggan swiftness. The demonstrations against religious groups are grandstand play. The real enemy at the Nazi throat is bred by the Nazis themselves—the high prices and the depreciated standard of living of the masses. This enemy, of all their enemies, they are unable to down if they wish to protect the fortunes they were put in the saddle to perpetuate and increase. The Krupp works at Essen are working at full speed, but the sick list among Krupp workers went up 75 per cent last year as a result of the lowering of the standard of living.

A maid in a hotel complains that times are bad, tourists few, and only business men appear to travel, but she adds, "Anyhow we have our pride." Hitler reanimated the people by breaking down the Versailles treaty. But pride will not sustain a nation forever. Even Hitler's success with the youth movement carries a taint. Among the ardent Nazi youths many are too young as yet to test this new state. Can it give them jobs? So far its offer to youth is the labor and military camp. And within the labor camps an authentic junior opposition movement flourishes. Tiny leaflets are got out in secret; strikes break out over poor food, working conditions, even over songs they are asked to sing.

In 1924 I visited universities at Bonn, Jena, Freiburg, and Marburg. I lived in student homes where there was literally nothing to eat except black bread, cabbage, and plum jam. Students with set stern faces were already rabidly nationalistic in resentment at their defeat in the war. Maps of the world with patches of color to denote the presence of Germans were on the walls of the homes. At that time students wanted someone to blame. Hitler had begun to shrill in Munich, and his accusations against the Jews were part of his program. But few students knew of him. They were rather accusing the academic world of pre-war Germany with its slavish adherence to militarism. They wanted to get away from the old Germany; they blamed the academic mind and its worship of pure intellect. Students rebelled against old forms, went nature crazy, became vegetarians, gave up smoking, and, in disapproval of the old aristocratic corps, even eschewed beer-drinking. These perfectly good impulses to break the old pattern were frayed and wasted under the vacillating Social Democracy, and like spoiled children who tire of a too indulgent parent, they took to Hitler and his narrow fanaticism. Some of the students of 1923 and 1924 have gone into the camp of the opposition, many have knuckled under to the Nazi rule. This jumble of passions and feelings that followed the war was exploited by the Nazis. The young people have been particularly appealed to. Games and exercises are more diverting than hard studies. A sense of importance has been given to youth which will only be defeated by the actuality of a Nazi state. Can it provide for the future? The answer is, only by war.

Whether the youth will accept war remains to be seen. The older generation is dead against it, but is powerless. The avalanche has been set in motion; let him who can get out of the way. All are caught in the big downward slide. Little children do not spend much time with parents who might try to put anti-Nazi thoughts into their heads. Even on Sundays the child is taken from his parents for long hikes supervised by Nazi teachers. The entire world is being remade for the child in the Nazi form. No wonder parents are full of dread which makes them turn not unwillingly to news of an opposition movement. They may not be part of it, but they no longer are so willing to inform on someone who is.

[*A second article by Miss Herbst on the German underground movement will appear in an early issue.*]

The Architect and the World

By ALBERT MAYER

SO far as I know, no one has yet adequately examined the reasons for the débâcle—financial and moral—of the practice of architecture in this country, or inquired into the architect's status and influence in the world in which he lives. Certainly construction work will revive sometime. The question is whether the architects will resume the passive role of designing work all of whose essentials have been determined by others, or whether they will become capable of assuming a leading creative role. And if they do rise out of somewhat inglorious ashes, what sort of physical and spiritual frame for what sort of life will they attempt to create? It is as important for the public to demand and accept a grander role for architecture as it is for architects definitely to formulate its content.

To give continuity to such a picture, one must first sketch what the role of the architect has been hitherto, and how far he has himself contributed to the present débâcle. Several points stand out. In the first place, the architect has generally had to solve a set problem, the fundamentals of which have been determined by his client. Though he has often evolved ingenious methods of carrying out the premises, or even adjusted their relative importance, the individual architect has never deeply probed or fundamentally changed the project assigned him, nor have architects as a class taken a sufficiently bold and intelligent and united stand to influence or change the background out of which the fundamental decisions of other persons developed. In the second place, architects have never emerged from being a special class, a very genteel class. Other professions affect life at many points. Lawyers become the majority of our legislators local and national, and furnish all our judges. Engineers affect and even revolutionize our productive processes, and in many cases end up as managers of big business enterprises. College professors educate our youth, become Presidents, form brain trusts, write syndicated articles of wide influence for our newspapers. Architects at most have become members of municipal fine-arts commissions which control civic centers that never are built or make minor decisions concerning the classical façades of those that are. (A notable exception was the influence of Burnham in Chicago.)

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In short, architects have not been part of the web of life. They have been a luxury class, called on to beautify and make reasonably palatable the products of a hit-or-miss civilization; they have been more or less high-grade embellishers of such a civilization. The more productive have also been good hand-shakers, a requirement which is often even more important than a talent for embellishment. They have contributed nothing independent; they have accepted the premises of over-congestion and its accompanying decay, have been content to help work out ingenious methods for attaining it, have suggested equally ingenious and absurd methods of double-decking and triple-decking highways for relieving it. They have contributed their part to the creation of snobbish and unlovely suburbs; they have acquiesced in the overbuilding of housing for the wealthier classes, and have done practically nothing toward pressing residential construction for the poor. Under the circumstances, with this absence of fundamental thinking and of resulting convictions, with this willingness to swim along with a muddy tide without even realizing its muddiness, there was no chance for architecture as an art to have any real development.

While this analysis may sound harsh, I have no desire to overstate the case. American architects should have full credit for great technical ingenuity in the development of both structural and mechanical methods, and for ingenious planning. But the unpardonable sin has been the use of these to make fundamental absurdities look more and more possible. We as architects have really nothing to complain of. We deserved to get it in the neck, and we have got it in the neck properly. The question now is: What can we do to restore architecture to its rightful social importance and aesthetic distinction, to the position it has had in any great period of architecture?

What is modern architecture? What should an architect be, what should constitute his qualifications? Of all the arts architecture is, of course, the most complex, involving an integration of the most varying types of constituent parts. It involves a background of planning and a feeling for trends—social, economic, physical—in which the particular structure harmoniously finds its place. For the particular structure or set of structures it involves visualizing how people live and work, how they want to live and work. It requires a sense of engineering and of structure, a knowledge of the suitability of materials and their permanence. It requires ability to coordinate the work of specialists who understand the detailed processes in these fields and the ability to check their specialist excesses and to canalize their idiosyncrasies. But these elements are not enough. Alone they tend to result in a rather barren statistical and sociological architecture, which is indeed the trend of the advanced work in this country. In addition to these elements, and above all, it requires on the aesthetic side a deep and permeating sense of what actuates all the arts, an understanding of what in all the arts makes for rhythm and form and color and plastic value. Out of utilitarian fitness the architect must create aesthetic fitness. When I say that it is indispensable to have a knowledge of the fundamentals of music, of sculpture, of painting, of mathematics, I don't mean that it is necessary to play the piano or to solve a differential equation, but I do mean that this whole range should be as a deep well of art from which the architect can draw for his inspiration. I do say that it is not enough to study architectural aesthetics and architectural styles, even when they come to be presented in our educational institutions as living organisms rather than as archaeological perfections. For it is the final problem of the architect to take all the diverse social, economic, physical, and structural elements and to sublimate them into stimulating creations interrelated with each other and with life. The architect must always keep alive an overpowering sense of harmony and of counterpoint, so that in the end his creations are inevitable and simple, so that ordinary people experience a feeling of elation, and a grasp of the ultimate simplicity and purpose of great architecture.

One obvious comment on this is that it demands supermen to carry it out. I think not. In the first place, it will be a good thing if mediocrities do stay out of architecture, if at one end the purely business man and at the other end those who, like a well-known advertiser, simply love nice things, are both discouraged from entering architecture. In the second place, the technical and the artistic elements outlined are similar in kind; they require a mind that unifies and simplifies. Architectural education can and should be reoriented so as to embrace these essential elements in place of the extraneous matters now included and in place of the large bulk of memory items. Finally and most important, collaboration of architects generally and of groups of architects will eliminate the enormous amount of time wasted by duplication of research into materials and methods.

Given such equipment, what should the architect do? One of his main jobs as an individual and as a class is to struggle boldly and tenaciously to establish conditions which will enable him to use such broad-gauged equipment. For in the last analysis it is the public which will determine what role it will let the architect play. We have already noted the background of broad general planning in which the architect's individual creations find an appropriate place. Here the architect has two distinct assignments: one is to help create an overwhelming sentiment in favor of such planning; the second is to take a hand in determining the objectives. It is tacitly assumed among the plan-minded that if such terms as regional planning, city planning, and so on, are accepted, all will be well. But infinitely more important is the question of objective: what does the plan seek, whom will it benefit, and who will pay the cost of the benefits? Nazi plans call for a sort of mythological racial purity with hereditary peasants and a distributive status quo, and the houses they are now building are meager, half-timbered, gabled medieval affairs in or near small villages. The Fascists' plans, like other plans operating on the basis of preservation of present inequality, hark back to ancient glories, and are centered on restoring the aura of ancient Rome. The Russian plan centers about the welfare of an industrial proletariat, and we see enormous primary construction, large housing schemes, parks of rest and culture. Such thumbnail summaries are, of course, oversimplifications, but they do fairly illustrate the issue: that the general ideological and social background determines the architect's work. Architects must also insist on a coordinate status in determining the essentials of a project, instead of as at present simply carrying out in detail the essential factors determined by someone else generally less qualified. An excellent example of how to proceed is furnished by the present housing situation. Instead of the architectural profession flaming into print and into action at the housing fatuities in Wash-

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ington, it has been with almost no exceptions inarticulate.

In great periods of architecture the architect found himself in harmony with life at large; he was inspired by the current transcendent faith of his time. And indeed he was an important figure of his time, as the architect should be now. For the abbots and the bishops in the Middle Ages, the court chamberlains in ancient Egypt, rather than the actual craftsmen who carried out the detail, were the architects in the modern sense. Great architecture demands first a generally accepted background of life and aspiration of sufficient significance so that the artist and the creator can believe in it with passion and assume with serenity that it exists; and second a position of authority for architecture and the architect commensurate with his importance in a vital civilization and with the extraordinary demands made on him.

From this it can be seen that we are unlikely to achieve great architecture in this country in the near future. The conditions are not here and the architects are not here. Our job in these changing times is to struggle toward establishing the conditions that can produce great architecture, to educate new architects worthy of these conditions, and as far as we can, to create challenging examples which can be the forerunners of something great. The nearest approach to great architecture in modern times, certainly the most challenging mass movement, was the German housing and city rebuilding in the fifteen years after the war. Here the architects became leaders in the demand for a richer life, and simultaneously in the creation of its architectural frame. Of course, all this is changed, and the individuals responsible for it have been dismissed or banished by the Nazis. But what a splendid testimonial to them remains!

On the technical side, architecture has never before had the freedom from limitations of materials and methods that it has now. With steels and alloys, reinforced concrete, glass, insulating materials, electric transmission, with motor cars and aeroplanes, there is almost no limit on design however bold, or on the location of structures. But instead of achieving grander integration, this very structural progress has generally resulted in divorce of structure on the one hand from plan and façade on the other. The structure was made to jump through hoops at the command of fake premises laid down by exploiters and speculators. So that the very instruments that can, and one day will, produce an unprecedentedly splendid architecture have up to now simply accelerated the rate of confusion. Of course, this state of affairs exists not only in architecture but throughout our society. Architects alone won't change it; society must recognize the absurdities and injustices of a system based on exploitation and speculation. However, architects are all but forced to take a lead in such movements, for it is peculiarly their creations that cannot flower in such an atmosphere.

The architect's task is to produce an architecture of content and form as idiomatic of our time as Gothic was of its time. And as the Gothic style was international in its day because of the general similarity of beliefs and of available methods, so there will be an international style of our day, not necessarily "the international style" so-called. It will no more be monotonous than a succession of Gothic cathedrals is monotonous. It will differ as between architects and from place to place and from country to country, but there will be some uniformity of underlying idiom as there always is in all great architecture. It may have the severe beauty of Gropius's Bauhaus, the magnificent scale and open flow of the schools and housing of Romerstadt, the romanticism of Dudok's City Hall in Hilversum, the rocky beauty of some of Frank Lloyd Wright's work, or the fluent transparency of Brinkman and Vander Vlugt's Van Nelle factory. Different as these are they employ means and they meet needs and desires of this time and of no other. But they have an abiding beauty which any age will recognize; they evoke in the beholder emotions and a realization of beauty and fitness as compellingly as Greek temples or Gothic cathedrals. They are the challenging forerunners.

Possibly such a manifesto as this should have been formulated by someone longer in the field of architecture than I. But it is now five years since the visible débâcle of architecture in this country and nothing has been forthcoming. It is time that the theses were nailed to the door.

Correspondence

"The Crisis of the Middle Class"

To the Editors of The Nation:

I am an employable man not on relief. For forty years, almost, I have breathed the air of this earth, educating myself, working days and attending law school nights, saving, struggling from the lower rungs of the ladder into the higher responsibilities of a bank executive, and from there—foolishly, as it turned out—into investment banking, a year before the crash. What is there in the world for me and mine today? A man with a daughter of fifteen and another of six and a trusting, hopeful wife cannot niggle about the truth.

I have been a member of the bar for twelve years. Today that great profession offers two truly remarkable openings: firms surcharged with overhead would be delighted to have my name painted upon the door if I would agree to share the overhead, or to take me on as an associate provided I devoted a goodly portion of my time to the more menial duties around their office. Thus far I have not seen my way clear to accept either proposition. I have a shingle, weathering outside the front door. I have the law books which, during fifteen years, have cumulatively cost me many hundreds of dollars. I file ejectments for landlords, now; sue for dinky sums. I wait for fees, and often take them in the form of ice from my ice man or coal from a business man, perhaps oil from another, and good wishes from a number of others. You ask how it is I am not connected with some one of the alphabetical agencies of the New Deal? I am of the wrong political persuasion, it seems.

Have I been to the FERA people? Indeed, I have. Thin soles and frayed underwear and want upon want drove me there in spite of all the pride I ever had. I gave them all the information their forms required and waited. By and by a letter came about the Federal Housing Administration, suggesting that I might qualify as a canvasser. I sent my whole life's history into the local office. Back it came with a letter, "The information has been noted in our records"; and the wait began. The winter grew colder. Wants pressed more insistently. My daughter needed medicine. My wife's folks, with whom we had doubled up, were themselves pressed with mortgage troubles and long unemployment. Beans and potatoes were the mainstays of our diet. Something had to be done. Perhaps the HOLC would take me on. No good, all jobs filled. I had long ago discovered that house-to-house canvassing was not in my line. I could not afford to run around in my car, paying my own expenses, trying to sell something like vacuum

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cleaners or oil heaters on a questionable commission basis. Back I went to the FERA office. The kindly man sent for my "file," looked at it, folded his hands, and sat for a moment. He said finally: "You're not living in your own house, I see. That means that if you go on the relief rolls you'll get less, by far, than I could give you if you had your own place. It's too bad you have a car. And a very expensive radio, too. But I might overlook those things, seeing it's you. Tell you what: we might arrange a place for you—a sort of domicile for your family. Even if it's only one room, and to all intents and purposes your family is living there, that would put you down as the head of a family. Your chances of getting more would be better, you see?" I nodded. Yes, much better. "Before we go on relief, though, let's see what we can find. There'll be an investigator out here from the in-town office in a week or so. I'll have him look you over with the other men he'll see for a job as interviewer. Pays—ah—lemme see—twenty-four hours a week duty—pays $22.50 a week. Want me to put you down for it?"

Again I nodded. Again the wait. A week, two weeks, a month. The man came from in-town. I sat at his desk. Told him my tale, backwards and forwards, took an hour of his time, though, really, he took an hour of mine, for he admitted to me his ambition to become a lawyer, confessed what a frightfully bad memory he had, jotted down my hint that he read and study Robinson's "The Mind in the Making," Schofield's "The Unconscious Mind," and Pitkin's "The Psychology of Achievement." Nothing happened.

The WPA projects swoon if I try to hit them for a job: they take only those who are on the relief rolls—and I have a five-year-old car and a radio! So I am an employable man not on relief. What can one do?

Brookline, Mass., December 20 LAWRENCE E. HANSON

Is this Sarcasm?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The piece in your issue of December 11 concerning the annual expense of Lady Mendl's attire is such a cheap and unmitigated piece of demagoguery as to shame the meanest Union Square soapbox orator. Just be "realistic," and imagine what kind of a world we'd have if the Lady Mendls and their kind were eliminated. No color, no contrast. Look at England and the pomp and circumstance every time there is a national anniversary or royal wedding. The proletariat just love it.

It is such tawdry sentiments as you express in your article that keep *The Nation down to its negligible circulation.* You are out of tune with the great mass of Americans whose interests you are supposed to speak for.

Atlanta, N. Y., December 13 H. A. WHIPPLE

A Memoir of Æ

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Macmillan Company of London has arranged to publish a Memoir of Æ (the late G. W. Russell) by his friend Mr. John Eglinton, and I should be extremely grateful to your readers for the loan of any letters or documents by Æ which might be of interest or assistance in this study of his life and work. The utmost care would be taken of any such material addressed to me at this office, St. Martin's St., London, W.C.2, and the papers would be copied and returned with the least possible delay.

London, November 30 FREDERICK MACMILLAN

A 3-Way Guide: TELLS, SHOWS, EXPLAINS:

SEX PRACTICE *in* MARRIAGE

By C. B. S. Evans, M.D., F.A.M.A., Member White House Conference, Committee on Maternal Care, Washington—Introduction by R. W. Holmes, M.D., F.A.C.S., Professor of Obstetrics, Northwestern University Medical School—Prefatory and other notes by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., Specializing Obstetrician, Gynecologist and Sexologist, London, England

— and —

CHARTS OF SEX ORGANS WITH DETAILED EXPLANATIONS

By ROBERT L. DICKINSON, M.D., F.A.C.S., Senior Gynecologist and Obstetrician, Brooklyn Hospital

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THE CHARTS

Female Sex Organs, Side View ● The Internal Sex Organs ● The External Sex Organs ● Female Sex Organs, Front View ● Entrance to Female Genital Parts ● Male Sex Organs, Side View ● Male Sex Organs, Front View ● Male Reproductive Cell, Front and Side Views. (*Detailed explanations accompany charts.*)

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Labor and Industry

Walter Winchell's Tooth

By HEYWOOD BROUN

I HAVE screamed on a great many occasions that labor news is very inadequately reported in the newspapers of this country. The best showing is made in New York City with the *Times* giving the most complete and accurate coverage. The *Herald Tribune* is well above the average for the rest of the country. But I want to cite one specific instance of recent journalistic shortsightedness. Of course, a single incident does not make a case. But it may be symptomatic, and there is a virtue in specific allegations.

All right, then. John L. Lewis is the president of the United Mine Workers of America, which is the most powerful union in the A. F. of L. set-up. He is, moreover, the driving force in the movement toward industrial unionism. Many people think that the history of America may be largely written, for the next few years at any rate, in terms of the success or failure of this movement. Nobody in the political or economic field would deny that Lewis is one of the most important figures in the current march of events.

He came to New York on December 18 to make a speech before a general meeting of the American Newspaper Guild. The meeting was held at the Hotel New Yorker. It was open, a press table was set up, and reporters were present. No prepared advance copy was offered. Mr. Lewis spoke extemporaneously and without notes for a matter of forty-five or fifty minutes. To some extent the speech was an informal one, extending greetings to the guild. But before he was done, John L. Lewis took occasion to criticize John W. Davis severely for his criticisms of the National Labor Disputes Act. These criticisms were based on a reply issued from the law office of John W. Davis that afternoon in the matter of the Morris Watson case.

This is an action against the Associated Press on behalf of a guild vice-president who was discharged abruptly after seven years of service. It is contended that Morris Watson was fired because of his organizational activities. It is quite possible that the Watson action may be the test case to be brought before the Supreme Court. Lewis, speaking as a labor leader, criticized very sharply the attitude of business men in general who are fighting collective bargaining. It so happens that his address before the guild was the first speech which he has made in New York in a couple of years. If he had been speaking before a publishers' convention or the Pennsylvania Society or the Daughters of the American Revolution, I haven't any doubt that a speech by John L. Lewis would have been pretty fully reported. The fact that his audience was made up of guild members reduced the space allowed in the *Times* to a few scant paragraphs. And the *Herald Tribune* made no mention of the story at all.

I was interested because in looking over Mr. Ogden Reid's paper I observed an article of some three or four hundred words on the fact that Walter Winchell had been punched in the mouth by two unidentified assailants and that one of their blows had knocked out a tooth. I was interested because I am a friend of Mr. Winchell's, and, in addition, when people make physical attacks on columnists I unconsciously identify myself with the victim. It makes my teeth ache all over.

I was less interested than I might have been because Walter Winchell's thrilling experience had already been reported. In fact, Mr. Winchell's tooth broke for the evening papers. Moreover, I had seen him before the *Herald Tribune* story appeared, and he assured me that no tooth had been knocked out. The *cause célèbre* boiled down to the fact that a pivot tooth had been slightly loosened. It was already wired back into place by the time Mr. Reid's newsboys were disseminating the momentous and slightly distorted material.

Of course, newspapers are often rushed, and a night editor cannot be expected to look every gift story in the mouth. I'm quite ready to admit that if Walter Winchell is punched, that is news; although I would not put it in the list of either epochal or strange incidents. I have said that Mr. Winchell is a friend of mine, and so I hope he will not take umbrage if I insist that a fighting speech by the most prominent labor leader in America today is more properly a matter of journalistic concern than any porcelainic tragedy in the life of the *Mirror's* Broadway columnist. I am not maintaining that John L. Lewis is always right; neither is Walter Winchell, for that matter. My contention is merely that Lewis, hot or cold, looms larger in the progress of world affairs.

I do not know that the works of Walter Winchell may not all be printed on vellum immediately after his death and preserved for posterity. But even so, labor and politics are more directly the concern of a daily paper than belles-lettres. Sometimes critics of the press are a little too captious and suspicious. Not every failure to report the news is the result of a deep-dyed reactionary plot. I don't think that Lewis was allowed to come and go without mention in the columns of the *Herald Tribune* on account of any set and prepared policy of the paper. I am quite ready to give a break to that lively sheet. I am ready to hazard the guess that the omission was due to sheer stupidity.

Nevertheless, I have no desire to shower compliments of this sort on the entire press of the country. I think that, generally speaking, labor is badly reported because newspaper publishers are large owners or, at the very least, represent large owners. Gentlemen of this stripe rather prefer not to have trade unionism talked about. This is particularly true when it comes close home and touches the organization of their own reportorial employees. In the case of the Lewis speech there was the further fact that he attacked the Associated Press in criticizing its counsel, John W. Davis.

Now the Associated Press is a sacred cow to practically all American newspapers. It is the sacred cow because, if I may be permitted to switch metaphors in midstream, the A. P. is the very spinal column of American journalism. Scratch its surface and thousands of papers bleed. But it is essential that when the A. P. is under attack, the fullest publicity should be given to the facts. Otherwise the integ-

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rity of the entire American press falls under a cloud. In theory the Associated Press has no editorial position. It is not supposed to be Republican or Democratic, conservative or radical. The fine picture painted for the public is that of a pipe-line through which the news flows freely and without distortion by the introduction of impurities. If this is the case, the Associated Press must report a case in which it is involved just as freely as it would handle a similar situation involving any other organization. So far, it has not done so. There have been several preliminary skirmishes in the Watson case in which the guild has stated its position only to find, "the Associated Press has nothing to say."

Somebody should blast this silent treatment. Indeed, I think that organized labor will learn that it is gravely handicapped until it gets fairer news treatment for those matters which concern its very life. We shall have to grow up to a point where John L. Lewis is not obscured in the shadow of Walter Winchell's tooth.

Company Unions on the Railroads

By BUDD L. McKILLIPS

BEHIND barbed-wire stockades, and with professional strike-breakers, armed guards, and stool pigeons functioning as midwives, railroad company unions were born by the score in the summer and fall of 1922. With the aid of periodical financial transfusions from railroad treasuries, frequent bribery of leaders, and systematic coercion of members, they lived a hot-house life until 1933. Then the workers, inspired by new federal railroad labor legislation and an intensive campaign launched by the A. F. of L. Railway Employees Department, began gleefully kicking them into the boneyard.

They kicked hard and frequently. As a result, bona fide international labor organizations replaced approximately 550 company unions on seventy-seven railroads between June, 1933, and November, 1935. There are still about fifty roads —most of them small lines—to be "mopped up." The Pennsylvania system and the Santa Fé are the only large company-union strongholds left; and a serious breach was made in the Santa Fé fortress during October when the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks won a union-representation election conducted by the National Mediation Board among 5,000 clerical employees. In general, company unionism on the railroads has been confined to shop and roundhouse employees. Clerks, maintenance-of-way employees, and telegraphers have suffered from it to some extent on a few roads. It is practically non-existent in the train and engine services.

Prior to 1922 company unions were almost unheard-of on the railroads. On July 1 of that year the Federated Shop Crafts—Machinists, Boilermakers, Blacksmiths, Electrical Workers, Carmen, and Sheet Metal Workers—went on a nation-wide strike against a 10 per cent wage cut, the second within twelve months. The Stationary Firemen and Oilers struck a few weeks later.

Three days after the shopmen walked out, Ben W. Hooper, chairman of the now defunct United States Railroad Labor Board, issued a proclamation that was applauded by every hard-boiled anti-union boss in America. Hooper, a former Republican governor of Tennessee whom President Harding had appointed as a neutral member of the board, showed his impartiality by declaring in his proclamation that men taking the strikers' jobs would not be strike-breakers but would be performing an "indispensable service," and, therefore, "entitled to the protection of every branch of the government." Furthermore, Hooper asserted with great emphasis, each railroad "should take steps as soon as practicable . . . to form some sort of association" of the "replacement men." The railroads wasted no time in taking Mr. Hooper's advice. The steps were identical in almost every case. Railroad officials picked a few key men in each shop as committeemen for the new organization. Railroad attorneys drafted constitutions and by-laws. Thus the company unions were born.

Late in September the strike was settled on a number of the roads, and relations between the managements and the standard unions were resumed on those lines. The roads which did not settle dug their company unions in deeper. "Yellow-dog" contracts were instituted on a wholesale basis. Some railroads offered special inducements to make company unionism attractive. On the Atlantic Coast Line any shopman who did not pay his dues to the company union promptly each month was classed as "inefficient" and had his pay reduced two cents an hour. If that penalty didn't bring him to time he was fired or given obnoxious jobs around the shop.

Not all the company unions had dues. In some cases the railroads openly paid all expenses. For a long time the Pennsylvania spent one million dollars a year to keep its fourteen company unions going. Less generous railroads made the employees pay part of the bills. The process was simple. Each employee automatically became a company-union member, and the monthly dues were deducted from his pay checks. But whether the railroad paid all the bills or forced the employees to bear part of the expense, the result was always the same—the management absolutely controlled the company union, hand-picked its officers, approved its constitution, and drafted all "agreements."

I have examined scores of these constitutions and alleged agreements. All contain loopholes through which any railroad could drag its largest locomotive. For instance, here is the working-hours provision in the Pennsylvania company-union agreement: "The normal working hours will be eight per day but may by mutual agreement exceed nine hours per day." The important question of seniority rights is disposed of in the statement that the "employer is to be the judge."

The Pennsylvania "agreement" is a 117-page closely printed booklet. It contains complicated wage provisions covering thirty-two day-wage rates, eighteen piece-work factors, and thousands of piece-work prices. I spent two weeks among the road's 12,000 shop employees at Altoona, Pennsylvania, and did not find a single man who understood what that cross-word puzzle of rates meant. The agreement was drafted by the company and approved after "five hours' study" by a hand-picked committee. T. H. Davis, the chair-

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man of this committee, admitted to a Congressional committee in 1934 that after his group approved the agreement, the Pennsylvania management paid him $275 a month to "represent" the men.

What happened on the Pennsylvania was typical of what was going on in company-union circles on the other railroads. The man whom the Great Northern picked as general chairman for its shopmen had been exposed a few years before as an operative for a labor-spy agency. The leader of the Minneapolis and St. Louis company-union movement had been expelled from a bona fide labor organization for an attempted betrayal of his fellow-workers.

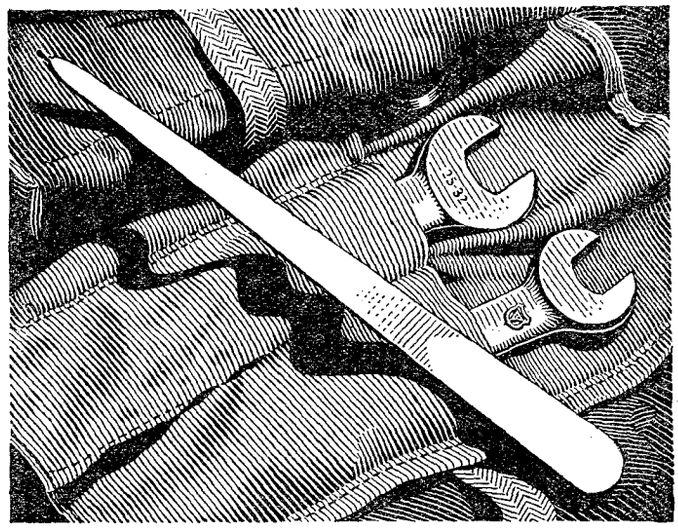
The whole story of railroad company unions is a sordid one. So-called agreements were approved when they called for wages ten to fifteen cents lower than the rate for the same kind of work on lines where the bona fide organizations had contracts. Time and one-half for overtime was eliminated in scores of instances. Other valuable working conditions, which had prevailed for years before the company unions were formed, were wiped out.

During the more than eleven years that these fake organizations flourished there is no case on record in which a single one of them initiated a move for increased wages, sought to secure beneficial labor legislation, or lifted a finger to prevent wage cuts. On the other hand, when the bona fide unions would open negotiations for wage increases on roads where they had agreements, other railroads—company-union lines—would hurriedly "negotiate" a new wage agreement with their own hand-picked committees, granting an increase of a cent or two an hour, a fraction of what the real unions were asking on competing roads.

A classic illustration of this trickery was exposed in 1929 in the decision of the United States Supreme Court against the Texas and New Orleans and in favor of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks. In 1927 the brotherhood—an A. F. of L. union—asked the Southern Pacific for a wage increase. The S. P., for operating purposes, is divided into two parts. East of El Paso it is called the Texas and New Orleans. On the western part of the system the wage question went to arbitration and the brotherhood won. On the lines east of El Paso—the T. and N. O.—the management attempted to set up a company union.

In a letter to President McDonald of the Southern Pacific, H. M. Lull, executive vice-president of the T. and N. O., explained why he had made this move. He said that on the basis of the award on the western lines the clerks under his jurisdiction were likely to get an increase of $340,000 a year. "If we are successful in setting up a company union," said Mr. Lull, "I am satisfied we can make a settlement at a cost not to exceed $75,000 a year." In other words, a company union among the clerks alone on one-half of the Southern Pacific was worth $265,000 a year.

The A. F. of L. unions made repeated attempts to organize the company-union roads. Employees, however, were discriminated against or fired outright when they showed symptoms of wanting to discard the dummies. With the exception of the Chicago and Alton, where the shopmen killed their company union in 1928, little progress was made until 1933. The downfall of the company unions began in March, 1933, when the standard railroad labor organizations, through Senator George Norris of Nebraska, amended the federal Bankruptcy Act so that any railroad in re-



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ceivership was forbidden to (1) spend any funds to maintain company unions; (2) require any employee to sign a "yellow-dog" contract; (3) fail to notify all employees "by an appropriate notice that said [yellow-dog] contract has been discarded and is no longer binding on them in any way."

The big Missouri Pacific system was then in receivership. Its company unions crashed. Others began to crumble on roads which were going through the wringer.

In 1934 the standard organizations staged another Congressional battle for the right of the workers to choose their own unions. This drive ended in June when Congress amended the Railway Labor Act of 1924 so as to provide stiff penalties—fines and imprisonment—for any railroad, solvent or bankrupt, which gave financial aid to a company union and for any railroad official, or his "agent," who interfered in any way with the right of employees to belong to labor unions of their own choosing.

The old United States Mediation Board, which had never been anything except an asylum for needy politicians, was scrapped and a new three-member National Mediation Board created to administer the revised Railway Labor Act. Headed by Dr. William M. Leiserson, a labor economist of national reputation, the new board has supervised union-representation elections, investigated alleged acts of coercion by rail officials, and functioned thoroughly in a fair and decent manner. In addition to Dr. Leiserson, the members of the board are James W. Carmalt, former chief examiner for the Interstate Commerce Commission, and Otto S. Beyer, a consulting engineer, who replaced John Carmody when the latter was transferred to the National Labor Board.

Legislative broadsides against company unions were followed by the launching of intensive unionization campaigns on the part of standard organizations in shops and roundhouses throughout the land. Many of the railroads made various undercover attempts to keep their company unions going. Open financial assistance had to be withdrawn, but there is no question that some of the roads found methods to provide the dummies with funds. Many of the company unions also received a helping hand in the form of lay-offs for men who joined bona fide organizations. The Southern Pacific, in October, 1934, when the Mediation Board was preparing to hold a representation election on that system, made an "agreement" with its company union whereby 40 per cent of the shop employees were to be laid off. The word was then passed that this lay-off would not be made if the A. F. of L. were "kept off the lines." This was coercion of the worst kind. But less than three months later 6,416 of the Southern Pacific's 8,619 shopmen voted for representation by the A. F. of L. Railway Employees Department.

The organization movement started in 1933 hit high speeds throughout 1934. The Union Pacific, fifth largest railroad in the nation, went A. F. of L. on the day President Roosevelt signed the Railway Labor Act amendments. The big Illinois Central, the Northern Pacific, the Rock Island, the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, and the Nickel Plate were among the roads on which the shopmen won A. F. of L. representation during 1934. The gains of the bona fide unions have continued through 1935. During the twelve months ending June 30, 1935, thousands of workers voted in representation elections conducted by the board. Seventy-three per cent voted for the standard unions.

The Brotherhood of Railway Clerks has practically eliminated company unions so far as clerical workers are concerned. The Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees is doing the same thing for section men and other track workers. The Order of Railroad Telegraphers is driving out the few dummies that plagued it. The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, an A. F. of L. union composed exclusively of colored workers, put the Pullman Company's union out of business last July by a vote of 5,931 to 1,422.

The standard unions have met with some setbacks in their campaign. They lost the representation election among shopmen on the Atlantic Coast Line by a few votes. Charges of coercion by the management were investigated by the National Mediation Board and found to be substantiated. A new election was ordered, but this is being held up by an injunction secured by the company union. An injunction is also blocking a Mediation Board poll among Western Maryland shop employees.

On the Rock Island a year and a half ago the A. F. of L. shop craft unions won the election and negotiated an agreement with the management. But Federal Judge Richard J. Hopkins of Topeka, Kansas, was still refusing as late as November 6, 1935, to dismiss an injunction he issued in July, 1934, requiring the Rock Island to continue deducting company-union dues from employees' wages. This puts the Rock Island management in the peculiar position of violating the Railway Labor Act by continuing the company-union check-off, and running the risk of being cited for contempt of court if it quits acting as a dues collector for the illegal and defunct dummy.

There are some tough fights ahead of the standard organizations before the last company union is abolished. The diehard railroads are making a determined stand in a number of instances through an organization known as the Brotherhood of Railroad Shop Crafts of America. It claims to be an "independent labor organization." Facts show otherwise, however. This "brotherhood" was founded at Chicago early in July, 1934, at "a gigantic convention" (according to press releases sent to all newspapers at that time) of "delegates representing more than 70 per cent of the shop workers from seventy-five railroads." A few days later more press releases told of a "monster mass-meeting" of Altoona shopmen to form a local union of the "new brotherhood." The press releases were sent out by L. T. Henderson, a high-powered publicity man for the Pennsylvania. There were exactly twenty delegates, representing no one except the reactionary element in railroad management, at the "gigantic" Chicago convention, and only 110 at the "monster mass-meeting" in Altoona. Eighty-nine of the 110 were identified as Pennsylvania shop foremen and other officials.

To complete the exposé of the fake, the *Wall Street Journal* unwittingly spilled the beans by frankly explaining to its big-business readers that the railroad managements "cooperated" in creating the "brotherhood" because "development of a national union out of the so-called company unions is necessary under the new Rail Labor Act, which requires a union to be national before it can be recognized by the National Board of Adjustment"—a sub-tribunal of the National Mediation Board. This explanation was captioned: "Carrier-Supported Body Is Opposed to A. F. of L."

[*This is the first of a series of articles on company unions. The second—dealing with company unions in the automobile industry—will appear next week.*]

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Books and Drama

The Fair Field

The Vision of Piers Plowman. By William Langland. Newly Rendered into Modern English by Henry W. Wells. With an Introduction by Nevill Coghill. Sheed and Ward. $3.

WILLIAM LANGLAND, or whoever it was that wrote "Piers Plowman" (it may have been not one man but five, and if it was one man he may have been William de la Rokele), was a contemporary of Chaucer, and to a reader of modern poetry this is the most interesting fact about him. For in the sense that Chaucer was modern he was not; he was medieval, as Chaucer was in part but only in part. The medieval part of Chaucer has ceased to be wholly intelligible and naturally interesting; and the same thing goes, tragically or not, for Langland in his entirety. Langland cannot be understood today without a commentary which is almost as long as he is; Chaucer can be understood wherever there is an interest in personality and in the kind of narrative which returned to England with the Renaissance—the kind represented by the "Canterbury Tales," by the plays of Shakespeare, and by the modern novel. To say that Chaucer and Shakespeare and Tolstoy are more complex than Langland is to stray from the truth and to miss the point of the comparison. They are vastly more simple. Their works contain many elements, but the reference is always single—it is to the nature of man as we have known him since he became once more the measure of all things. His life may have its ups and downs, but it follows a single line—the curving line of nature. For Langland there was the God of nature, too; stories for him took place at the same time on earth and in heaven, and the least number of meanings that a narrative could have was four: its "simple" meaning, to adopt Mr. Coghill's nomenclature, its "transferred" meaning, its "moral" meaning, and its meaning in eternity. Now all this may have been other than complex to a medieval reader, since he could accept such a system of references without effort. But there is little use in pretending that we can go the whole way even with effort. Something has been lost out of the world, and it probably cannot be replaced. There may be another Middle Ages ahead of us, but the chances are slight that it will be like Langland's.

A reader coming eagerly to another translation of this famous poem is bound in some measure, then, to be disappointed. If he has heard that it describes fourteenth-century England he will find it doing so in a way for which he has not been prepared. There are no individuals, picturesque or otherwise, though there are landscapes and interiors; there are only classes and trades, and among them move abstractions with such names as Lady Meed, Dowell, and the Active Man. Nor will the classes be clear, since they are not entities to be contemplated in themselves. They lead us like everything else in the poem to the fourth level of theology; where, since we have no theology of our own, we wander through a maze of capitalized words which even a historian of philosophy cannot make lucid to us as they once were lucid. Least of all, knowing beforehand that the poem is eloquent concerning the miseries of the medieval poor, may we expect that a revolution is recommended by the poet. Revolutions take place in history but not in heaven. Langland was simply reminding his England of what the unchanging universe was like; and we are both too fond of change and too skeptical about the universe to be capable of following where he goes. This is not to say that we are superior. It is only to say that some clocks cannot be turned back.

When every such thing is said, the poem remains vigorous and impressive, and Mr. Wells has done more than any of his predecessors in translation to make it sound like the masterpiece it originally was. He has understood the alliterative measure as no one else has done, for he has heard it and felt it, and I fancy that the measure is restored in his pages to its pristine effect. He has preserved in nearly every line the feminine ending of Middle English; but what is more important, he has steadily provided the poem with a speaking voice of its own, as a passage taken more or less at random warmly proves:

> In the histories of holy saints it is hard to witness
> That God rewards double rest to any rich person.
> There is much mirth among the rich with meat and fine clothing,
> And there is much mirth in May among wild creatures,
> And as long as summer lasts they live happily.
> But beggars about midsummer go breadless to supper,
> And winter is yet worse, for they are wet-shod wanderers,
> Frozen and famished and foully challenged
> And berated by rich men so that it is rueful to listen.
> Now Lord, send them summer or some manner of happiness
> After their going hence for what they have here suffered.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Reality of Symbols

Symbols of Government. By Thurman W. Arnold. Yale University Press. $2.50.

GOVERNMENT may, I suppose, be defined as the tangle of usages by which the activities of individuals are imperfectly domesticated to the service of the commonwealth. If so, it is much too vital and disorderly an affair to be captured within the trim lines of a political system or expounded in the precious dialectic of a textbook. It is a drama in which the officers of state are merely the cast in the foreground, and a host of actors back of the limelight give character and direction to the performance. They are animated by the miscellany of motives—group interest, public purpose, and personal ambition—which impels all human conduct. The intricate rules of the eternal game dictate an ever-shifting outcome.

Among the counters with which the game is played are "symbols." A party identifies its petty interest with a universal value or an eternal cause. A wet does not defend his thirst, but personal freedom. It isn't the privilege of the employer to exploit workers which is important, but freedom of contract. A failure in personal justice finds an excuse in the integrity of the law; an abuse of power is sanctioned as a necessary respect for authority. A national isolation wears the garb of traditional Americanism. On the English coat-of-arms "Dieu et Mon Droit" proclaims the divine sanction of imperial aggression.

At this moment the clash of interests in American government is a battle of symbols. A chain of dailies—whose slogan should really be "an un-American newspaper for uninformed readers"—is attempting to identify everything of which the proprietor disapproves with communism. An association of manufacturers—hardly itself immune to the charge—is seeking to fasten "fascism" upon an unfriendly Administration. For years an immunity of corporations to regulation has invoked the rights of the individual in its defense; and of late the lawlessness of business—in defying the processing tax, the Guffey coal act, and the registration of holding companies—has been wrapped in the unction of reverence for the Constitution.

It is the part of such stage-play in politics which tempts Thurman Arnold's curiosity in "Symbols of Government." If

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he were a Victorian he would look upon such lapses from rationality as frivolities in need of eradication. If he were an evangelical reformer he would make of a series of pamphlets a blast in a crusade for a return to reason. But he is the kind of realist—if there is any such thing—who knows that a veil of make-believe lies between man and his social world and that to most persons symbols are more real than realities. To him this truth is inescapable—so it is, so it has always been, so until the crack of doom it must continue to be.

But the primacy of make-believe is more than a matter of current drama. It has thoroughly penetrated into all our explanations of the affairs of mankind. The author insists that a symbolic man—not the human creature of kindness and greed, love and lust—animates every one of the social sciences. To him a current medicine is based upon "the conception of a body as mechanically constructed as an automobile"; psychiatry won its entrée on the fiction "of an abstract man with a subconscious mind." Law—"a moral and logical science"—had to postulate "an abstract man" who needed to be preached at and "was capable of being trained by judicial parables and statutory exhortations." The economic man—invented to explain "why humanitarian and moral ideas cannot be pushed too far"—is "an automatic fellow"; with "intelligent selfishness" his "sins will all cancel each other." As purpose varies, so must the symbolic man respond. The economic man is "an automaton who needs only to be wound up and set going." The legal man, on the contrary, is "a sinner," who must constantly "be subjected to the influence of ideals held just in front of his nose."

In like manner a make-believe—without which it would be impossible to get on—has woven itself into the very fabric of our culture. The pomp, ritual, and rhetoric are the very essence—not ornamental attendants—of the judicial process. A conception of a bench of wise and informed—but human—judges doing their fallible best with the causes which come their way would not do. The necessities of justice demand the fiction of it-is-not-I-who-speaks-but-the-law-which-speaks-through-me. A real law enforcement may be an utterly unattainable ideal. It is no more possible to enforce all the laws on the statute books than to establish a theology upon "all the texts in the Bible." But upon auspicious occasions—as, for example, the Boston police strike—it has proved a mighty shibboleth. The current processes of law still bear the impress of the primitive ceremonials out of which they sprang. A great hazard—perhaps the greatest hazard to the New Deal—is the necessity of submitting the validity of measures of public policy to trial by an ordeal of legalism.

But a cursory review presents the flavor rather than reveals the richness of the book. It is easy enough to quarrel. The reader may deny that man loves to sit at the window and watch himself go by dressed in a motley of uniforms. Instead, he may insist that it is the need for conformity to different aspects of a heterogeneous culture which forces upon man a multiple personality. The critic may, in the words of a Negro preacher, exclaim that such a doctrine would "destroy all the theology in the world." But here the author has his come-back, in that if his theses "came to be generally accepted, they would no longer be true." And, if he wishes, he can point a moral and put his argument to practical account. If you would reform an institution, don't shock those you would convert with radical theories. Capture the symbols of the enemy and attack in the name of the thing you would amend. If Congressional enactments are set aside, it is possible to appeal from the gloss of judicial decision to the text of the sacred parchment. A Presidential campaign, in a protest against the judiciary, might invoke the slogan Back to the Constitution.

The mark of the book is its freshness. The author has at Princeton, at Harvard, and at Yale been persistently exposed to the higher learning. Yet he has, for all the compulsions of the academies, kept a mind free from the inhibitions of conventional scholarship. The ten slender chapters contain nothing approaching a definitive statement of his subject; they are a first, not a last, word on his subject, and nowhere does he rub elbows with the absolutes of dogma. But I know of nothing as joyous and virginal which has of late come out of an ancient fortress of learning. An untainted mind alone could epitomize a smug orthodoxy—much in evidence of late—as "an unwillingness to have us get out of the depression by the use of unsound economics."

WALTON H. HAMILTON

The Ambiguity of Feuchtwanger

The Jew of Rome. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. $2.50.

IT is hard to understand why Lion Feuchtwanger is not a more impressive novelist than he is. Perhaps this is an ungrateful thing to say of a writer who gives us as much as Feuchtwanger does. No one else exploits so persistently and so intelligently the theme which occupies the author of "Power," "Success," and "Josephus," the theme of men in search of social justice; nor is there anyone else who has as much talent for presenting the societies in which that search goes on. Feuchtwanger cannot write without the widest perspectives of history, and that is why his books (with the exception of the rather feeble "The Oppermanns") always afford a mature and, indeed, a noble emotional experience. Yet somehow the last great quality is always lacking; the apocalyptic vision of the great novelist is not here. Feuchtwanger's post-war Germany or his imperial Rome are unforgettable, but his books themselves do not haunt one, as Stendhal's historical novels do, for example, or Tolstoy's.

But after all, Feuchtwanger's may be in itself a special achievement and a special genre, and he, perhaps, may better be called a remarkable novelistic historian than a remarkable historical novelist. "The Jew of Rome," then, is a better title for this sequel to "Josephus" than "Die Söhne," which the author called it, for the two sons of Josephus, the Jewish Simeon and the Graeco-Roman Paulus, are, like all the other people of the novel, little more than instruments in their father's dialectic attempt to discover the meaning of the Roman and the Judaic principles.

The ancient world offers no more fascinating character than Josephus, the historian of the Jewish wars of the Romans, and none more representative of the interpenetration and confusion of peoples, cultures, and tendencies. Of royal blood and priestly descent, he symbolized the vanished political power of Judaism. As a distinguished scholar in the Jewish law, he was identified with the intellectual tradition that was shaping the life of a people whose center was still the Temple but who were living in huge communities in many lands. For a time an Essene, he had affinity with the ascetic cult that contributed so much to early Christianity. But it is the ambiguity of his being at once a Jewish nationalist and a Graeco-Roman cosmopolitan that gives Josephus his dramatic and historical interest. For when Judaea attempted rebellion against its master, Rome, he joined the rebels and was a brilliant leader in the hopeless struggle until he suddenly went over to the enemy under peculiarly reprehensible circumstances; and saw the destruction of the Temple from the Roman lines.

The sparse historical record does not give the motive for this desertion, but Feuchtwanger's earlier novel, "Josephus," undertook to explain it by picturing Josephus as above all a man searching the history of nations for the principle that is to dominate and shape the future. Feuchtwanger's Josephus

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identifies himself with Rome, not out of cowardice or for advantage, but because he understands that the dream and the method of the Jews have failed to create a world of justice, and he believes that with Rome lies the future.

In "The Jew of Rome" Josephus begins to doubt the validity of this judgment. He is still the prey of his faculty for *volte-face*, yet his sudden turns are not weaknesses but the method of his search for the principle of future justice. The liberal cosmopolitanism of Rome is no longer satisfying; he becomes a Jewish nationalist. But his great desire is still to be a citizen of the world, and he finds in the Jewish ideal a core of aspiration for a world order transcending nationalism. Yet the doctors of Judaism, in the effort to preserve what they believe to be the essential Jewish principle, are hedging their people about with a fence of ritual. Josephus is momentarily attracted by the anti-formalism of the anti-nationalism of the early Jewish Christians. And every now and then he glimpses, though reluctantly, the economic principle that is modifying all the other principles.

In the end, Josephus resolves his ambiguities in yet another ambiguity. He knows that he is irrationally but ineluctably Jewish, yet he conceives, with Philo, that the Jewish God is reason, the Logos. And when Domitian maliciously invites him to humiliate himself by marching in the procession that is to dedicate the arch to Titus, the destroyer of the Temple, all Josephus's nationalistic, irrational pride urges him to refuse. Refusal means almost certain death and he desires this honorable consummation; by it he can win respect from Rome and establish again the pride of the Jews. But to establish the pride of the Jews may well stimulate them to political intransigence which would be courageous but utterly vain, for reason assures him that the day of Jewish political power is gone. To save his people from a hopeless rebellion he passes, suffering, under the arch.

Perhaps this resolution in ambiguity which Feuchtwanger uses in all his books is the source of their ultimate lack of force. Their author, unable to give the affirmative answer to history, is unwilling to make the tragic answer that justice can never triumph. He puts off the question by a poetic and ambiguous gesture: "Will justice come?"; "Let us trust to the future." But perhaps, if one cannot respond with the revolutionist's affirmation, the tragic answer is the only one that can give literature its ultimate force.

LIONEL TRILLING

Affirmation

Fire Testament. By Willard Maas. With an Introduction by S. Foster Damon. The Alcestis Press. Limited Edition. $7.50.

"FIRE TESTAMENT" is a first volume of exceptional promise. It combines a studied and sure technique with a spontaneity of feeling that amounts often to ingenuousness. Willard Maas's verse is free from the doubts that beset not only an older generation but also many writers of his own; he is not prematurely weary and does not pose as such. If his poems in consequence do not voice any of the subtler inflections of the spirit, they achieve by way of compensation a note of sustained ecstasy that is rare today. Whether the subject be love or revolution, the poem reveals the mind at the moment of awakening to self-consciousness in an affirmation of strength and beauty.

The state of mind is presented by imagery that is objective in two meanings of the word: it is concrete, external, and sensuous, and its import readily communicates itself through the poem to other minds than the poet's. In the latter respect, therefore, Mr. Maas departs from the symbolist masters whom

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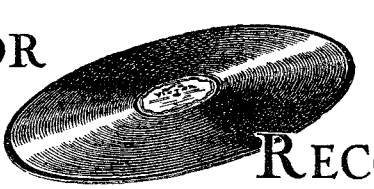

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in general he follows. He further diverges from the tradition which runs from Mallarmé to Valéry and Yeats by restraining the flow of the verbal music in order to delineate his successive visual images as sharply and nakedly as possible:

> The walls achieve their lyrical triumph
> in the rhythm of dark
> drums of cricket legs
> dust of light and planets splitting space
>
> Moonlight
> fragrant to the flowers of earth
> sea-roses of green at the throat of water
> an instant burning the star falls

Consequently his sponsor, Mr. Damon, can call his method *"pointilliste* imagism," operating as it does by "juxtaposition of unrelated pictures, each glowing as it were by subliminal light."

This is, in effect, the method of W. C. Williams, and in this case Dr. Williams's influence may not have been altogether to the good. Mr. Maas has an unusually delicate sense of the timbres and tonal qualities of language, which leads one to believe that his chief aptitude may not be for visual poetry, and that greater relative emphasis upon metrical or rhythmic patterns would give his verse a music which it now achieves in isolated parts but not, to a superlative degree, in the movement of the whole poem. There are other evidences that he is still serving his apprenticeship: his fauna are those hallowed by the symbolist tradition—the snake, the swan, the fawn, the unicorn—and the contemporary awareness which strives to assert itself in the poems has not yet seized upon symbols of adequate generality. His immaturity is, however, that of a poet who is on the right track and at the same time is consciously accepting the limitations of his youth.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

As Japan Sees It

Japan's Policies and Purposes. By Hirosi Saito. Marshall Jones Company. $2.50.

THE Japanese Ambassador at Washington has attempted to bridge the gulf of misunderstanding between the United States and Japan in a book that bears all the marks of an inspired statement of his country's position. Most of the arguments will have a familiar ring to anyone who has followed Far Eastern developments in recent years. Mr. Saito declares, for example, that Tokyo seeks only the success and prosperity of Manchoukuo; in the face of glaring headlines to the contrary, that better relations with China prevail; that were it not for the interference of other powers there would be no Sino-Japanese difficulties, since a course of open diplomacy has been carried on for some time. Just what foreign interference is responsible for the current Japanese aggression he does not explain. In 1934 the pacific Mr. Hirota himself declared in the Diet that, although willing to arbitrate with China, he would join the War Office if necessary in using the fist. Moreover, professions of the Open Door policy are unconvincing when one considers that the bellicose activities in North China are largely based on the Tangku Truce, the terms of which are known only to a few officials.

Although all other assertions in the book are supported by statements of Japanese authorities, Mr. Saito resorts to outside experts when he comes to the subject of "social dumping." He is anxious to disprove the charge that an exceptionally poor wage scale enables his country to outsell foreign competitors. The government reports make it too obvious that, despite the increase of international trade, Japan's wage level has steadily declined. Quotations from Sir George Sansom, commercial councilor at the British Embassy, and others are more pleasant reading than the dictum of Baron S. Gow, president of the Chamber of Commerce and Industry of Japan. Two years ago Baron Gow stated that "lower wages must be perpetuated as a national characteristic." S. Yoshino, Vice-Minister of Commerce and Industry, assured the masses that the reduced pay newly instituted to offset foreign retaliation against Japan's commodities was better than none.

The section devoted to non-political discussion will be valid long after the march of events has proved how thin is the tissue of official pronouncements. The recent assassination of General Nagata, for instance, and the alarming frequency of farm disputes as cited by the Department of Agriculture are evidence of dissension both in the army and at home which cannot be dismissed as mere "incidents in the general run of established, recognized, and preserved order." Moreover, economic facts tend to rival diplomacy in eloquence. The protests of New England mills against the entry of Japanese cotton goods received little attention when it was realized that against a few million dollars' worth of such exports to this country Japan buys more than $100,000,000 worth of American raw cotton annually.

Within the narrow limits allowed him Mr. Saito has made a gesture toward American-Japanese friendship. In the field of action he has shown his sincerity by advocating the Philippine trade agreement recently completed to the satisfaction of Washington and Tokyo. Anyone interested in obtaining an authoritative presentation of the official Japanese point of view on current questions will find Mr. Saito's book eminently worth while.

BUNJI OMURA

Dewdrops and Dynamite

A Stone Came Rolling. By Fielding Burke. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

JUST how many experiments are needed to make an innovation common property is a problem for our mathematicians; yet a definite accretion of formulas is already under way in a milieu that not four years ago was heralded as new. Fielding Burke's second novel, which emerges from her first less as a sequel than as an analogue, is a case in point. The Winbury of "Call Home the Heart" becomes the Dunmow of the present novel, and a handful of newcomers are enlisted to help prosecute the struggle of labor against capital. But the conflict remains identical, to a formula, and pursues the same course of mob violence, strikes, picketings, lynchings, and tedious restatements of dialectic.

Yet Miss Burke has retold her story with a new emphasis. The problem of the exodus from farm to mill town shades into the problem of the exodus from religion to revolution. The struggle is no longer one of town and country primarily, but of the communal God exploited against the communal good. The Dunmow of the novel is a city of mills and churches, interacting factions, both of which operate on capital concentrated in a single hand—in this case, the hand of Bly Emberson. Miss Burke is most provocative when projecting the drama of social struggle in terms of this duality; yet she is also least deft and resourceful. The character of Verna Emberson is illustrative: though held up as an arch-embodiment of bourgeois religious cant and Bible-belt orthodoxy, it remains throughout the least convincing portrait of them all.

More damaging than any flaw in technique, however, and impossible to overlook, is the larger flaw of sentimentality which seeps into each chapter, mingling dewdrops with dynamite. One senses it from the very outset when Fairinda Ferrabee is ushered in "kissing the air" of her native haunts, and

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"touching her lips to April." It spreads rapidly from phrase to phrase, manifesting itself most generally in the hyperbole of popular romance: one recalls Fairinda's look of "tenderness held in the violet prism of her tears," her "twilit eyes," the "showery scandal" of falling plum blossoms, Britt pressing his mouth "deep among the curls of his most beloved," and feeling his "strong body . . . full of a gorgeous cry." The same sentimentality of approach recurs to hinder a tough and growing evocation of character. Somewhat naively, it helps to fashion certain of Miss Burke's Communist spokesmen—like Derry and Schermerhorn and Rafe—in the image of scholarly patriarchs and rural seers, who "tower in the moonlight" and throw out a "prophet's challenge" with a "beatific valor." The infection reaches its most disturbing epitome in the *tableau vivant* of Ishma's husband expiring in a mob scuffle, while Fairinda, "sustained by youth and love," trolls out the strains of "Fling Wide the Gates, O Jerusalem."

It is disconcerting to find Miss Burke as deeply moved, at such moments, as her strikers. This is intended both as tribute to her sincerity and as criticism of her urbanity as an artist. Surely the first law of the revolutionary is to keep his powder *dry*.

BEN BELITT

Drama

For the Defense

"LIBEL!" (Henry Miller's Theater) is an ingenious courtroom melodrama brought from England by Gilbert Miller. It is a well-knit tale and beautifully staged, but to me the outstanding feature was the performance of one Wilfred Lawson as counsel for the defendants. Mr. Lawson —described in the program as "for many years a pillar of Shavian revivals" who has appeared in most of the leading roles at the Malvern Festivals—is not given the easy task of shining alone. Opposite him, as the counsel for the plaintiff, is that seasoned player Ernest Lawford, and in the nominally central role is Colin Clive, who played Captain Stanhope in "Journey's End" and who shines again despite an accent which always troubles me somewhat when he plays parts like this. Mr. Lawson, nevertheless, by the force and variety of his acting, rises head and shoulders above all the others. Very shortly after the curtain goes up he manages somehow to focus attention upon himself by the glance of sardonic determination with which he catches for a moment the eye of his junior, and from then on he dominates pretty continuously the whole proceedings.

Except on one or two unimportant occasions he never leaves his bench and the range of emotions permitted him is extremely narrow. Indeed, it hardly includes more than relentless fury and sardonic determination; yet there is no suggestion of monotony, and the impression of power, ready at any moment to be released, is continuous. Among other things, Mr. Lawson is one of the few actors who can control their actual physical appearance. It is, for example, not an illusion but a fact that his face changes color in anger. Though this is, of course, a mere detail and though it would be impossible to single out any one elemental feature of his method which would account for the effect he creates, yet the effect is doubtless due to innumerable details so united that the impersonation is, to an extraordinary degree, whole and continuous.

All too many actors—including many very good ones—seem to me to act only by fits and starts. They rise to their big moments—perhaps even to their lesser ones—but they cease to exist when there is not a specific scene to demand something of them, going out like candles between the moments when there is a definite occasion for shining. But Mr. Lawson

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☐ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says ☐

Boy Meets Girl. Cort Theater. Rough and ready satire on Hollywood, but probably the funniest thing of its kind since "Once in a Lifetime."

Dead End. Belasco Theater. A play about gangsters in the making on an East River waterfront. Superbly acted by a group of boys. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

First Lady. Music Box. Comedy hit about a femine feud in Washington society. Jane Cowl and Lily Cahill puncture one another with sharp implements in the forging of which George Kaufman had a hand.

Jumbo. Hippodrome. Paul Whiteman, Jimmy Durante, and a remarkable clown named A. Robbins surrounded by acrobats and animals. Literally better than a circus.

Let Freedom Ring. Civic Repertory Theater. A second chance for this drama of a strike in a Southern mill. I found it hard going, but it has been highly praised.

Paradise Lost. Longacre Theatre. Clifford Odets' complicated picture of a family composed exclusively of pathological futilitarians. He calls it a picture of the middle class but it strikes me as somewhat less than typical.

Porgy and Bess. Alvin Theater. The well-known play turned into an opera by George Gershwin. One of the big hits of the year but to me less effective than anything so elaborate ought to be.

Pride and Prejudice. Plymouth Theater. Amazingly successful adaption, brilliantly staged and acted. It gave me more pleasure than any other play of the season.

The Taming of the Shrew. Guild Theater. The play is gentle Shakespeare's most ungentle farce, and the players are Lunt and Fontanne. The result is exhilarating.

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is there all the time, and one is aware of the fact that he is. Indeed, so continuous is his presence that, to me at least, the action seemed to revolve around him and events took their meaning from his reaction to them. I can only hope that he will stay long enough in New York to give us a taste of his quality in other roles.

As for the play itself, it is, as I remarked before, ingenious and well knit. The events are extraordinary enough, but they are at no time completely incredible, and by comparison with some of our own courtroom dramas, "Libel" seems gratifyingly restrained. Certainly the suspense is admirably maintained to the very last moment, and if the play has a defect in structure that defect resides in the fact that this suspense is snapped too quickly and that one finds oneself turned into the street without being allowed a proper interval in which to adjust oneself to the changed situation. In mystery plays where the ending is completely incredible and serves only to bring a curtain down it is doubtless wise to treat the conclusion as a mere formality to be got through as quickly as possible. In a case like the present, where credulity is not be to subjected to intolerable strain, it would be wiser, I think, to allow time for comprehension.

The twelfth edition of "George White's Scandals" (New Amsterdam Theater) will probably not get much of the carriage, or Cole Porter, trade, but I found it good fun. With the passage of the years Mr. White's style has ceased to be chic, as there is much about the costuming and the comedy which suggests the burlesque show rather than the more fashionable sort of revue. Nevertheless, there are some excellent tap dancing (notably by Sam, Ted, and Ray), several amusing songs, and a good supply of very hearty humor by Willie Howard and Bert Lahr, who may incline unduly toward the anatomical and physiological school of humor but very nearly succeed in raising it to an art. Mr. Howard's famous version of the quartette from "Rigoletto" belongs in any repertory of classic low comedy, and there is a first-rate song sung by Gracie Barrie about a girl whose natural inclination is in the direction of "trees," but who is forced by economic exigencies to "get hot." Mr. White could diminish the impression which he gives of being behind the times by removing some of the jokes about war debts and chain letters, but I found it worth my while to overlook them.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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